

2/-

REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

The **TATLER**

Vol. CLXXXVI
No. 2419

and BY **TANDER**

London
November 19, 1947

ROYAL WEDDING PRE-VIEW



By Appointment

Cerebos

Salt for dainty tables

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

Individuality

**BROOKLANDS
OF BOND STREET**

103 NEW BOND ST. W.1
MAY 8351

Sole London
Distributors



SHOW MODEL AVAILABLE



BY APPOINTMENT
TOILET SOAP MAKERS
TO BRITANNIA & CO. LTD.

Bronnley

FINE SOAPS

HIGHLAND QUEEN

Grand Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
LEITH - SCOTLAND

Happy Days when . . .

"TANZARO"

J&B **FRUIT SQUASHES**
are released again

JEWSBURY & BROWN LTD • MANCHESTER

Welcome Always -
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S

MORELLA
**Cherry
Brandy**

Over 100 years' reputation
for quality.

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

HARDEN'S

BLEND OF
CHINA AND EMPIRE TEA

A HARDEN PRODUCT - 4/10 PER POUND

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY LTD.,
121 CANNON STREET, E.C.4

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD., 12 YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

OTARD

Cognac **BRANDY**
Famous since 1795



Introducing The new Look

A suggestion for Country weekends — perfection in English tweeds, and cut on the newest lines with touches of velvet.

(11 coupons) 15 gns.

MODEL GOWNS — FIRST FLOOR

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Debenhams Ltd

Sports ace . . .

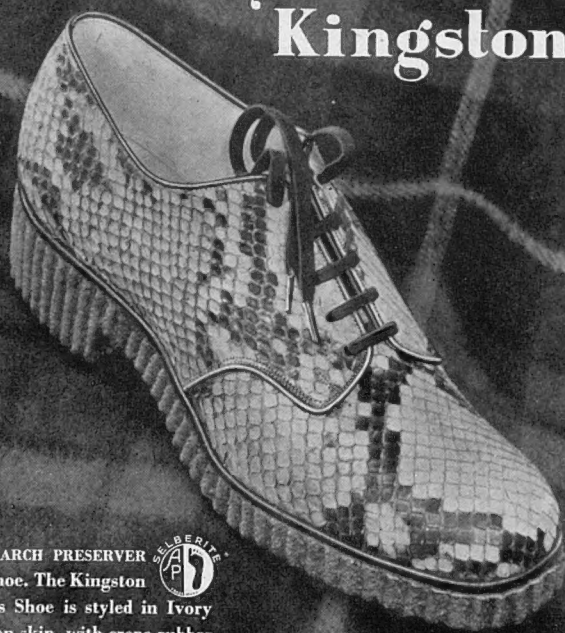
This practical, dashing jacket is made in various tweeds and herringbones, in a range of glowing, warm Autumnal colours. It makes an admirable 'topper' to golf skirt or slacks. Sizes 34, 36, 38. Price £10.18.9. (12 coupons). Women's Shop, 4th Floor.



Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.

202 Piccadilly London W.1. Regent 2002

The 'Kingston'



AN ARCH PRESERVER
Shoe. The Kingston



Sports Shoe is styled in Ivory Python skin, with crepe rubber sole and heel. In AA, A, B and C fittings. 7 coupons £4:19:7. Also a limited quantity in Lizard.

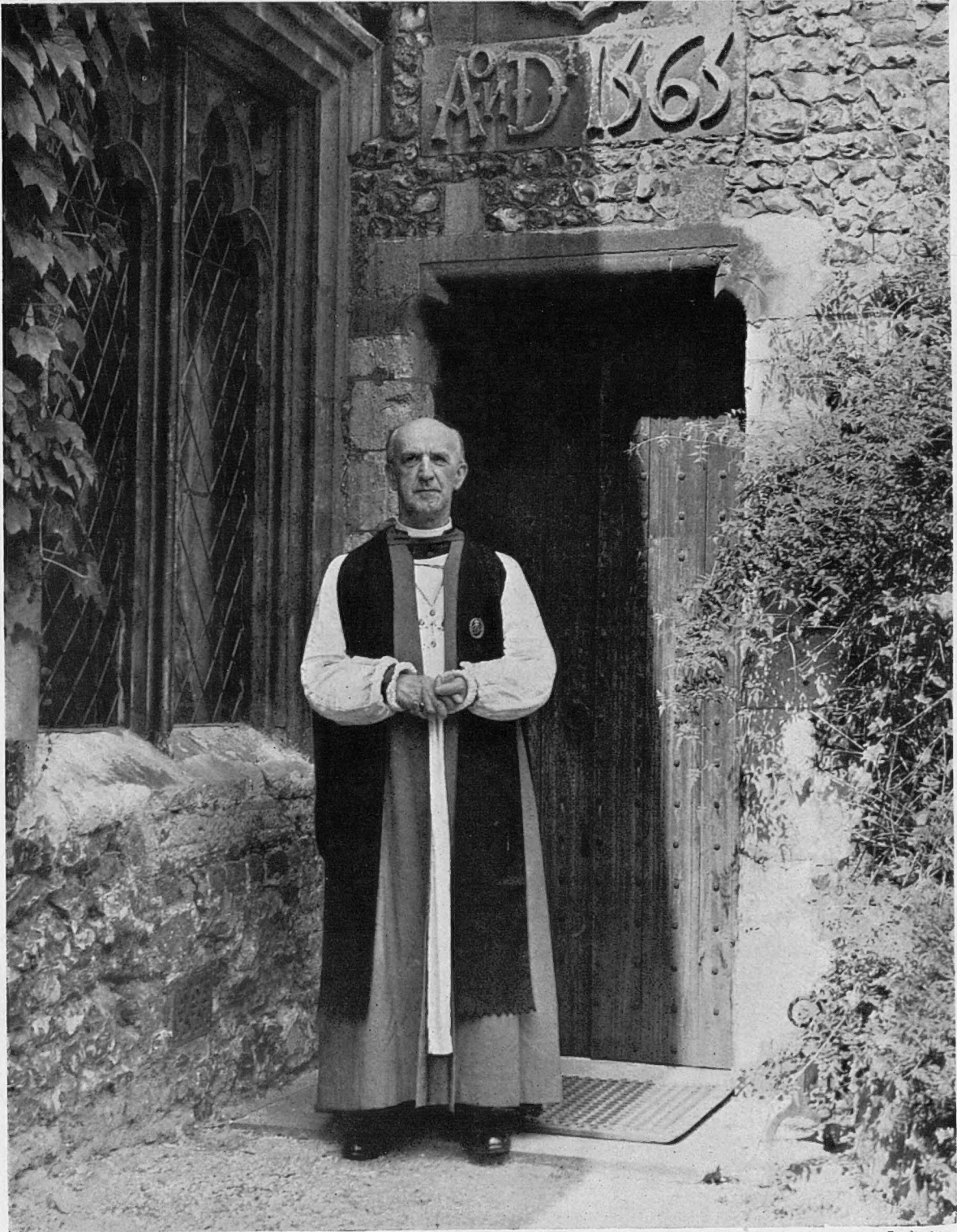
Lillywhites LTD

PICCADILLY CIRCUS TEL.: WHITEHALL 3181

THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 19, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2419



Studio Lisa

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

The Most Rev. Rt. Hon. Geoffrey Francis Fisher will be chief of the officiating clergy at the Royal wedding tomorrow, and it will be he who actually pronounces the marriage solemnization and Blessing on the Heiress Presumptive to the Throne and her husband. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Garbett, will give the address. Before being created Archbishop of Canterbury in 1945, Dr. Fisher was Bishop of London for six years and Bishop of Chester for seven. He was headmaster of Repton from 1914 to 1932, going there from Marlborough, where he was an assistant master after leaving Oxford

A Wedding is Arranged

The ceremonies have been drawn up, the guests have assembled, the presents have arrived. On all sides expectation has reached its height. Below you will find in detail the actual sequence of events as the greyness of dawn lifts and the spectators hurry to their places to join in the nuptial celebrations of the King's daughter

Tomorrow is the Day



rejoicing for this country, the Empire and the world.

As dawn breaks the route to the Abbey will already be densely lined with thousands of people who have come from all parts of the capital city, from towns and villages up and down the country and across the sea. Many of them will have stood all through the cold November night so that they can cheer the Princess and her sailor bridegroom.

The wedding is at 11.30. Royal weddings take place in the forenoon because, among other considerations, a morning ceremony enables the vast crowds to be more easily marshalled and dispersed.

At the Royal Mews very thorough preparations will have been made for the procession. The transport is arranged by the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort, assisted by the Crown Equerry, Col. Sir Deimot McMorrough Kavanagh, K.C.V.O. This is to be an austerity wedding and there will be little of the gold and glitter of former days. But in the Royal Mews there is a special atmosphere as if it were another world beyond the bustling traffic of Buckingham Palace Road. The Irish State Coach, the Glass Coach and the gracious lines of the State Landau drawn by the greys in their gilded harness, evoke the memories of past pageantry, being of themselves the very stuff from which tradition grows.

THERE will be three processions. One of them will be a motor procession coming from Marlborough House, with Queen Mary and the Princess Royal at 11.3 a.m. At the same time the Queen and members of the Royal Family will leave the Palace for the Abbey in a procession of four carriages with postillions on greys and a Captain's escort of the Household Cavalry.

The third procession will be that of the Princess, who will drive with her father in the Irish State Coach with a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry. The route they will take will begin down the wide straight way of the Mall to Admiralty Arch, turning right into Whitehall and Parliament Street, and finally into Parliament Square. As they go the bands spaced along the route will be playing, and the clear note of the Abbey bells will be ringing out over London.

At the West Door which is always used as the

official Royal entrance, the Queen with the bridegroom's mother Princess Andrew of Greece, and the members of the Royal party will be met by the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. A. C. Don, who will escort them to their places. One of the few ways in which this Royal wedding will differ from any other is that the bride's family will sit on the right hand of the church, instead of on the left. For it is traditional that the King of England sits always on the south side of the Abbey.

LINING the pathway to the West Door are representatives of the Services with which Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Mountbatten are personally connected; the 16th/5th Lancers and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of which regiment Princess Elizabeth is Colonel-in-Chief, and the Grenadier Guards of which she is Colonel; the A.T.S. in which she is a Senior Controller; and Lieutenant Mountbatten's own Service, the Royal Navy.

The bridegroom arrives at the Poets' Corner entrance of the Abbey at 11.15, accompanied by his best man, his first cousin the twenty-eight year old third Marquess of Milford Haven, D.S.C., O.B.E., who is also a lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

From nine o'clock onwards guests will be making their way through the waiting crowds. The women will perhaps be able to relieve the somewhat sombre note struck by the men's dress with the magnificence of their hats, an opportunity for feminine creative adornment which coupons still allow.

Several foreign royalties are over here for the occasion. There will be three kings, five queens, eight princes and nine princesses. Among them are the kings of Norway and Rumania, Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Prince Charles of Belgium and the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden.

Some of those who have received personal invitations from the Princess are twenty girls who have helped to make her wedding dress, two old servants of the Strathmore family, the station master from Wolferton, the station for Sandringham, and two fellow members of her Sea Rangers at Windsor. Lieutenant Mountbatten has invited Chief Petty Officer Graham of H.M.S. *Whelp* and Acting-Commiss-Gnr. Hancock and Mrs. Hancock of Plymouth.

ON this her wedding day the Princess will be the first heiress to the British throne to be married for some eight centuries, for the last was Princess Margaret who was married in 1127. This Abbey wedding confirms the tradition established in the reign of George V. For when the Princess Royal was married in 1922, she was the first child of a sovereign to have an Abbey

wedding since 1270, when Edmund Crouchback, second son of Henry III was married there. After Princess Mary's wedding came those of the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. St. James's Palace was the scene of the marriages of Queen Victoria and King George V and Queen Mary.

Although this wedding will confirm the tradition of Abbey weddings, in many ways it will not be part of the pattern. There have been five years of war and two of uneasy peace since the years of the 1930s, when the last Royal marriage took place. The country is for the time being a stranger to its old prosperity. The first people to realize these things full well are the King and Queen and the Heiress-Presumptive to the Throne, who are always closely aware of the state of the country and the feelings of the people.

THEREFORE, from the first moment that the arrangements for the wedding began to evolve, it has been the King's decree and the Princess's wish that everything should be as simple as possible; that although the traditional dignity of sovereignty should naturally be observed, there should be little of the pomp and regal splendour.

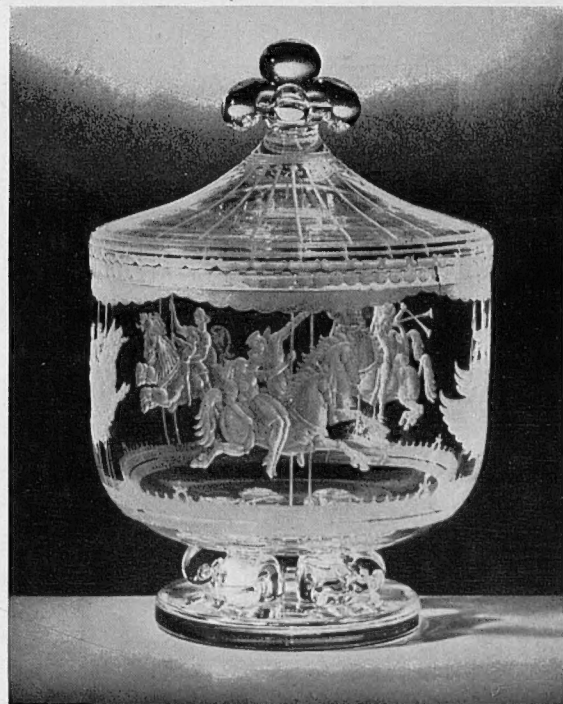
All this has been strictly adhered to in the wedding arrangements. The Abbey guests amount to some 2,250 only, and no extra provision has been made in the seating, while the reception at Buckingham Palace will only be a small one for relations and friends.

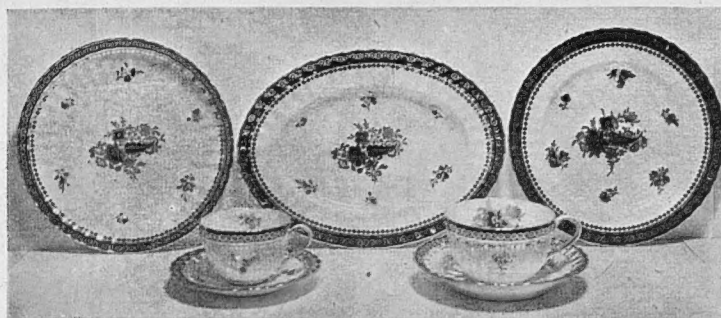
At the King and Queen's wedding reception there was a ten-course wedding breakfast taking the form of a luncheon. Tomorrow there will be a buffet. The Princess's cake has four tiers and to meet her wishes has been considerably reduced in size and weight from the original design. Her father and mother's cake was nine feet high and weighed eight hundred pounds.

Although the lack of scarlet and gold in the day's proceedings may disappoint the romantic sense of some of the spectators, who have always visualized Royal ceremonies in these colours, the one person who will not be troubled by the lack of them will be the bride. Neither she nor her future husband have been sheltered Royalties, out of touch with reality. Their wartime upbringing has taught them both to appreciate happiness when, and in such measure as, they find it.

On the Princess's arrival at the Abbey on her father's arm a fanfare of trumpets will be sounded. This and two other fanfares sounded during the service have been composed for the occasion by Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick.

The Princess will be attended by her eight bridesmaids and two pages: Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra of Kent, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady





Some of the Royal Wedding Presents. On the left is the gift of President and Mrs. Truman, a superb casket-shaped vase of Steuben glass. Left, below: The American Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas's present is twelve Steuben crystal plates, each depicting a characteristic American bird. Another is shown on this page. Above: The City of Worcester's beautiful present of Worcester pottery will not be completed for another year. It will eventually comprise 300 pieces—five are shown here—making up four services. The Brigade of Guards have presented a crested dinner service in cream embossed with gold. Bottom of page: The dessert service which has also been presented by the Brigade of Guards and is of early nineteenth-century origin

Elizabeth Lambart, Lady Pamela Mountbatten, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, with Prince William, elder son of the Duke of Gloucester and Prince Michael, younger son of the Duchess of Kent.

The procession will proceed up the nave, under the organ screen and then along the choir to the altar, while the hymn "Praise My Lord the King of Heaven" will be sung.

The officiating clergy are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, and the Precentor, the Rev. C. M. Armitage. The Archbishop of York will give the address. The Precentor is in charge of the music for the wedding. British composers are well represented, and a motet "We Wait For Thy Loving Kindness, Oh Lord," has been composed by the Abbey organist, Dr. William McKie. The Princess will have set a new fashion in wedding marches by choosing one hitherto unknown, composed by the late Sir Hubert Parry. It comes from the incidental music to "The Birds" of Aristophanes composed between 1878 and 1882, and has a brilliant finale, which is both impressive and dignified.

A significant fact is that the words of the bride's vow in the book of Common Prayer include "to love, cherish and to obey." Like her great-grandmother Queen Victoria, Princess Elizabeth is marrying a man not only whom she loves, but whose qualities of leadership she admires and whose judgment she respects. Although she alone is the King's heir, she will have been the first to say as the young Queen said before her: "I want to be married in all respects like any other woman according to the Church of England."

At the conclusion of the service the register will be signed in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, which is situated directly behind the altar. It is reached by two doors on either side of the altar, and the bride and bridegroom will enter by the one on the left hand and leave by the right-hand entrance. In the chapel itself tables are put up on either side of the chapel altar, and four books will be signed by the Princess and her

husband. These will be the duplicate registers kept traditionally by the Abbey, and in addition the Royal Book in which are entered all births, marriages and deaths in the Royal Family, and the big White Book in which the Abbey keeps a record of all distinguished visitors.

The bride and bridegroom will make their return journey in the Glass Coach, and the Guard of Honour through which they will pass will include twelve proud members of the A.T.S. who served with the Princess during the war.

At the small Buckingham Palace reception, the cake that the guests will eat will be the one made as always for Royal weddings by Mr. Aubrey, the chef at Buckingham Palace. The ingredients for the official wedding cake have been supplied as presents to the Princess from the Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies, who both in their generosity and their heartfelt good wishes, have made clear their unswerving loyalty and affection for their future queen. The cake decorations include the badges of Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, India and Pakistan, the crest of the Royal Navy, Grenadier Guards and A.T.S., and the Girl Guides' badge. Portions of this cake, and eleven others which Princess Elizabeth has accepted, are being sent all over the world.

It is not surprising that a national event of this character has entailed months of thought and organization. The very fact that the accent has been on austerity has emphasized the need for highly specialized efficiency.

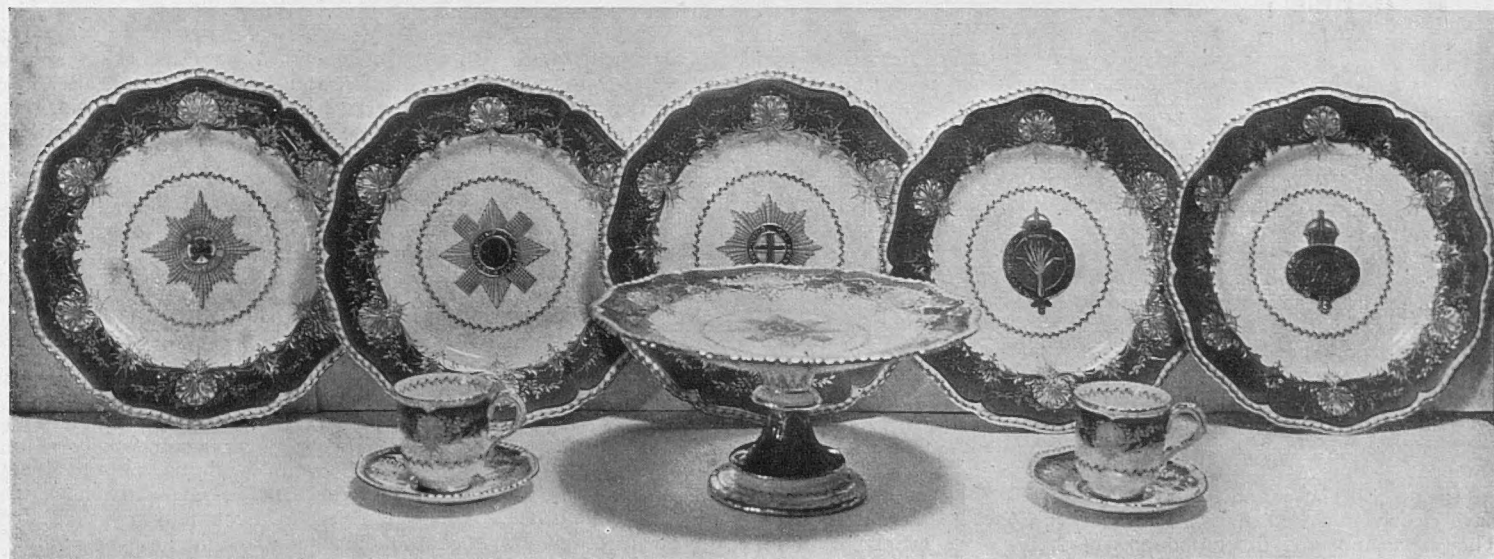
The orders controlling all aspects of the wedding come naturally from the King in the position of the bride's father, but the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten were continually consulted and contributed many good suggestions. Much in the way of advice and opinion has been given by Queen Mary, whose experience of similar events has proved invaluable.

The responsibility for the carrying out of most of these arrangements has fallen as always upon the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon and his staff at St. James's Palace, and every official detail relating to the wedding has passed through his hands.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH herself, assisted by her Ladies-in-Waiting, her secretary Mr. J. R. Colville, and Commander W. H. Samways, a retired member of the Royal Household, have all been at work on the Royal presents. They have been listed and acknowledged from all over the world—a heavy task—for people both rich and poor have sent presents to the Princess. These gifts range from the beautiful silver gilt dressing-table set from the Diplomatic Corps, to those which are hand-made and have taken hours of patient workmanship by the donors. Many of these presents have come from people who have never seen the Princess, except perhaps for a moment driving by in a crowded street. But to them all she is not only a symbol but a real person to be loved and admired.

So the ceremonial occasion will be over and the Royal couple will set off on their honeymoon; first of all to the home of the bridegroom's favourite uncle Earl Mountbatten of Burma, at Broadlands, near Romsey, Hampshire. From there they will go up to Birkhall, Balmoral to the Scottish moors which they both love. This beautiful part of the country holds many happy memories for them of the long, fine days which they spent up there this last summer. After this brief respite theirs will be a full and not always an easy life. They are still very young for the responsibilities they have to face, but they will be supported and strengthened by the good wishes and affection of the whole nation and Empire.

Daphne Nixon





Studio Lisa

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were the moving spirits of a series of Christmas pantomimes given at Windsor Castle in wartime in aid of the Royal Wool Fund. They are seen with local children in a sea-side ballet group from "Old Mother Red Riding Boots," the last of the series, given at Christmas, 1944

Anthony Cookman

Royalty at the Theatre

The patronage of the Court has often been a deciding factor in the existence of a live and healthy stage



Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, R.N., as Donalbain in a production of "Macbeth" at his Scottish school in 1935

THE custom of commanding dramatic companies from London to perform before the Court at Windsor no longer suits the circumstances of the time; yet we may be certain that if ever conversation at the Castle turns on the contemporary theatre it is extremely well informed. There are few of its notable plays which one or other member of the Royal Family has not gone informally to see.

Queen Mary is perhaps the most indefatigable of Royal playgoers. She is especially fond of light drawing-room comedy and rarely misses a production which succeeds in reviving the wit and elegance of easier days.

The Queen's marked interest in the art of acting takes her not only to the plays in which high standards of accomplishment are kept, but also to those annual performances at which students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art brave the critical eyes of leading actors; and on at least one occasion Her Majesty has been known to anticipate the verdict of the official judges.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have clearly inherited a taste for theatricals. They have appeared in pantomimes of their own, and are often seen in the stalls enjoying

whatever is good in its kind, whether it be some masterpiece of the French theatre played by the company of the Comédie Française, or some trifle of the light musical stage, and already it is evident that their love of the theatre is shared by Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

THUS the Royal Family perpetuates in the form most agreeable to the modern spirit an influence which, though by no means continuous, has been of immense importance to the stage. Everyone knows how closely the Elizabethan theatre was bound up with Gloriana's robust delight in its flowering. It is a cherished tradition that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was the outcome of her wish to see the fat knight in love. Henry VIII, before her, and James I, afterwards, were play-loving kings, and whatever may be said of Court circles after the Restoration there can be no doubt that Charles II had good taste in art, and that an eager appreciation of wit and poetry accounted in part for his liberal patronage of the playhouse.

But it is only recently that historians have given Queen Victoria full credit for the decisive part she played in making the theatre of her youth respectable. It was a theatre which could no longer count on the patronage of polite society. The middle classes, which had filled the seats left vacant by the waning of Court interest under Queen Anne, were now themselves out of sympathy with its rowdy atmosphere.

THE population had much increased, and there were more theatres in London than ever before, but the public which Edmund Kean moved to transports of enthusiasm was,

except for a critical nucleus represented by the Hazlitts, Lambs and Leigh Hunts, largely uneducated. It was emphatic in its likes and dislikes, and frightened away the great novelists of the time, who might have written for the stage, and the genteel. Macready, a man of good taste, had done much to raise the standards of production, and Charles Kean, the great Edmund's son, was adapting Macready's ideas to his own worthy ends. Neither was an actor of compelling genius, and it is hardly likely that the new intelligence in stage methods would have attracted the notice of the aristocratic or the middle classes if it had not first attracted the notice of the young Queen.

VICTORIA had a natural taste for the theatre, and both before and after her marriage she went to it often. Nor was it only by frequent playgoing in London that she helped to make her subjects of all classes what we should call today "theatre-minded." She inaugurated a series of "theatricals" at Windsor Castle, commanding companies from London to perform before the Court, with Charles Kean as "Master of the Revels."

With the death of the Prince Consort, who shared her taste for plays, the Royal patronage was suspended for some thirty years. This was unfortunate for the theatre, but the civilized audience which her example had called into being never again wholly relinquished its interest in the drama and remained to exert an influence of its own which, however slow and uncertain, eventually achieved the theatre of the nineties and the social splendours of Edwardian playgoing. There is an un-

deniable piquancy in the picture of Victoria as the progenitor of the plays of Pinero and Shaw, but without her intervention in the middle of the century things might have worked out very differently, and she was, at any rate, a true playgoer.

One of the first indications of her enfranchisement from the thralldom of widowhood was, as Lytton Strachey notes, the resumption of the Windsor "theatricals." And in his gently ironic sketch of her behaviour on those occasions her instinctive love of play-acting meets with no challenge. "Her spirits rose high. She loved acting; she loved a good plot; above all, she loved a good farce. Engrossed by everything that passed on the stage, she would follow, with childlike innocence, the unwinding of the story; or she would assume an air of knowing superiority and exclaim: 'There! You didn't expect *that*, did you?' when the dénouement came."

IN Victoria's later years it was the Prince of Wales through whom the Court influence upon the theatre was most directly exercised. The theatrical taste of the Prince in his early years strongly inclined to melodrama, and it was perhaps to that preference the town was indebted for the elaborate care spent upon *The Corsican Brothers* and its like. The essence of Court patronage in modern times is its universality, and the growing popularity towards the end of the century of the light musical stage and the music-hall asked for the kind of Royal recognition which Edward delighted to accord.

Knighthood was the appropriate honour for an Irving, a Bancroft or a Wyndham; but the Prince, in bestowing upon an Albert Chevalier or a Dan Leno a snuff box or a pearl scarf pin, could suggest to the recipient that he was both fulfilling a Royal duty and indulging a sense of personal appreciation.

Nearly always this was precisely what he was doing. He knew the comedians of Paris and of most other European capitals; and he was perhaps better able than most of his subjects to perceive that English stage drollery was entering a golden age.

IT would be too much to say that his taste had any particular influence upon the plays put on by the great actor-managers of his reign, but the audiences which they tried to please were following a fashion which he led. They were drawn from the peerage, the law, medicine, all the arts, the Army, the Navy and the Church as well and they raised first nights to a pitch of social importance to which they have never since attained.

Edward's interest in the theatre was both formal and intimate, as a story told by Mr. MacQueen Pope in his recent book *Carriages At Eleven* delightfully illustrates. The King had been so impressed by the handling of a scene in *Antony and Cleopatra* at Tree's theatre that while it was in progress later in the run he was found standing in the wings, smoking a cigar. "I just came through the stage door," he explained. "Do you mind?"

A chair was found for him, and he remained watching the scene. Then an agitated usher arrived from the front of the house. The smoke from the King's cigar was curling round the edge of the proscenium arch, and the manager thought that fire had broken out. It may be taken for granted that if something worse had happened and the King's presence had been revealed, the audience would have been more gratified than surprised. The Edwardian theatre was generally felt to be King Edward's own theatre, and certainly its good manners, its geniality and its distinguished worldliness reflected in great measure his own.



Studio Lisa

The 1943 Christmas pantomime in the Waterloo Room of Windsor Castle was "Aladdin." Princess Elizabeth was the "principal boy" and Princess Margaret was Princess Roxana. Lieut. Mountbatten (then Prince Philip of Greece) was among the audience

Freda Bruce Lockhart



At The Pictures

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

IT would be silly not to acknowledge that if the cinema has produced even one or two great figures—avoiding argument over terms like “genius” or “creative artist”—one is Charlie Chaplin. We may regret that the coming of sound set the bees buzzing

in his bowler. We may suspect delusions of grandeur in a pantomime clown who takes seven years to make a film. But even his least satisfactory film is irrefutable evidence that he has mastered the medium to a degree of self-expression unique in the cinema. How much we like what he expresses is another matter.

To view *Monsieur Verdoux* (at the New Gallery and the Tivoli) with detachment seems to me impossible. So much depends on personal reaction and length of memory. The generation of film-goers who really remember their Chaplin (and it is seven years since *The Great Dictator*, eleven since *Modern Times*, almost thirty since *Shoulder Arms*), will approach the new work with the reverent trepidation and critical apparatus of connoisseurs. Those who only remember how they used to laugh at the little man's antics will have a bumpy passage. What the youngest generation, to whom Chaplin is barely a name, will make of *Monsieur Verdoux* I cannot guess. I have seldom been at such a loss to know exactly what I felt myself about any picture as a whole.

THE first half-hour or so I spent getting acclimatized to the notion of an eccentric who murders some fourteen “wives” for their money as a legitimate figure of fun. Of course we have had plenty of comedies of murder. In *Arsenic and Old Lace* we even had a “comedy of murders,” as Chaplin defines *Monsieur Verdoux*. But the comedy of the old ladies who killed for kindness was a warmer humour, altogether more absurd than the acid irony of our first sight of this spick and span Bluebeard, tending his roses while the fumes of his incinerator inconvenience his neighbour across the hedge.

The exterior transformation of the once familiar little man is symbolic of the whole film. Gone are the bowler, the baggy trousers, in favour of immaculate city stripes, kid gloves, butterfly collar and grey homburg. Gone above all the world-famous pre-Hitler blob of a moustache, to make way for a fine line of waxed whiskers. Wax is the operative word. *Monsieur Verdoux*, inspired jointly by Landru and by Lamb's forger-poisoner friend Thomas Wainwright, might be a figure out of Madame Tussaud's where he clearly belongs.

In the early scenes even the memorable brilliant touches are too few to provide an antidote to the predominantly macabre tone. For the first murder of an antique girl friend hustled to her bank before

closing-time, Verdoux pauses on the balcony to relish the full moon with a reference to “Endymion” before he goes into her bedroom and the orchestra registers a blood-curdling scream; moonlight cuts to sunrise and the pernickety little fellow bustles to lay breakfast for himself and victim. Witty, demoniacally clever, yes; but scarcely fun.

No relieving warmth humanizes the introduction to the invalid wife for whose sake all this is being done. On the contrary, a cold uncertainty made me suspect at first that she might be only another prospective victim.

ONCE we accept the fact that we are not in for normal fun, we may settle down to enjoy the best things in the picture. And how good some of them are. Miss Martha Raye's exuberant sense of the grotesque has never been better used. Her vitality cannot be quenched even by this chill atmosphere and Verdoux, though he exerts himself far beyond his custom, finds her too resilient to dispatch. The scene where he takes her out in a fishing boat for a final attempt is unrestrainedly hilarious, the one place in the picture where the Chaplin we once knew really lets himself go, and is as side-splitting as we ever remember him.

There are other exquisitely funny moments, of a precision too delicate to spoil by the telling—though it may be permissible just to mention my favourite moment with the police inspector and the poisoned wine. But such flashes of unalloyed delight are few and very far between. Not that the long interludes are ever dull. They give us time for intellectual appreciation of the peculiarly individual sophistication of Chaplin's technique.

HE makes no concessions to what most Hollywood technicians would regard as progress. He disdains realism for a rare distillation of his old stylized pantomime. Characters, settings, Chaplin's own music, the Boulevard cafés, the French manners, all are sketched in outline only but with an accuracy that is devastating and not to be attained by the most expensive research and reproduction. Dialogue goes in at one ear and out of the other, little more than a running accompaniment. Everything is conceived visually, according to the true nature of the cinema, and executed with a split-second timing that is the work of a master.

But the bare fact of being able so coldly to appreciate the work of a great clown at first viewing is a paradox. A film cannot be spontaneous. But comedy must appear spontaneous. Even the best of *Monsieur Verdoux* is as consciously, painstakingly polished as might be expected of a witticism that has taken seven years to evolve. There is much that stimulates, illuminates, even fascinates; hardly anything that carried me away as I expect to be carried away by laughter.

That is not the worst. There is the Message. The immaculate waxwork Verdoux begins to melt when he reluctantly corks up the poison because his prospective victim (Marilyn Nash, an obvious bet for the Ingrid Bergman stakes) tells him of her love for an invalid husband. By the time he preaches his death-cell sermon on the crimes of Big Business and of the munitions magnates, who murder millions whereas he has only got through a dozen-odd wives, he is quite limp.

It is not the sermon, as puerile as the indignation it aroused in America, which so deeply disappoints. It is that Chaplin betrays his own comic genius to preach it. His solemn text is ineptly tacked on to the Verdoux affair. That a clown can make us weep as well as laugh none has demonstrated more poignantly than Chaplin in the past. But Verdoux in the end is not a man with a broken heart, only a dummy with a cracked brain. He goes to the guillotine with a final flicker which could have been funny or could have been touching, but is only embarrassing.

Whatever the disappointment—and it is far from uniform and will certainly not be universal—*Monsieur Verdoux* makes the rest of the week's films, with the exception of a revival at the Ritz of the Negro extravaganza *Cabin in the Sky*, look more than usually negligible.



ALL the censorable matter which made Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* famous as book and play has been eliminated from the film now showing at the Academy. There remains an uneasy mixture of noisy, sometimes nauseating slapstick with the tragedy of the “poor whites” dragging out an existence of bestial squalor on their derelict plantation. If it is true that the picture, made in 1941, has not been shown here earlier because the Americans were ashamed to exhibit this aspect of American life, I can only say that I see little reason to be more ashamed of the ancient cretin (Charley Grapewin), who prefers to starve in his shack than slave in a mill, and his faithful drudge of a wife (a moving performance by Miss Elizabeth Patterson), than of the morons we regularly meet in musicals and crime films.

For unabashed silliness, there is really nothing to choose between *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* (at the Odeon, Leicester Square), a Technicolor musical about a song-writer; and *Love and Learn* (at the Warner), a black-and-white piece about two song-writers. The latter film I found just bearable because the people in it are quite pleasant, and that endearing lump of a good actor Jack Carson has a surprisingly agreeable singing voice.

At the Carlton, Tottenham Court Road, *Le Voile Bleu* is an old-fashioned sob-story, with the French outdoor Hollywood's most sentimental excesses on the theme of thwarted mother-love. Madame Gaby Morlay plays with a sincerity that seemed to me heroic, Nanny compelling respect as surely as she jerks tears.

ELISABETH
WELCH

Elisabeth Welch, the coloured singer, is one of the brightest stars of that delightful and intimate revue *Tuppence Coloured* at the Globe theatre. Miss Welch, who was born in New York, is an artist of vitality and extreme versatility, and hers is a voice that at all times has a warmth of tone which makes listening to it an exceptional pleasure. In this revue she sings a number of songs ranging from sophisticated comedy to sadness that illustrate well her talent for characterization. She made her first appearance on the London stage in 1933 in *Dark Doings*, and four months later was an overnight success in *Nymph Errant*. Other shows in which she has appeared are *Glamorous Night*, *No Time for Comedy* and *Happy and Glorious*.



THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES FOR



Dorothy Wilding
H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose, sister of Princess Elizabeth, will be the chief bridesmaid at the wedding



Yevonde
Lady Mary Cambridge, who is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge



Harlip
Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch



Kinsey, New Delhi
Lady Pamela Mountbatten, younger daughter of Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, travelled from India



Hay Wrightson
H.R.H. Prince Michael, younger son of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

EVEN in the days before the Coronation there was not quite such a hustle and bustle of preparation as has been going on in Buckingham Palace right up to the eve of Princess Elizabeth's wedding. Though festivities and entertainment were on a much greater scale in those more lavish days of 1937, preparations for the wedding have been complicated by the fact that not only State rooms, but the guest apartments on the principal corridor and the chamber floor at the Palace were all dismantled alike at the beginning of the war, which necessitated a great deal of extra redecoration work, made no easier by shortage of labour, staff and materials.

Inspired by the interest Princess Elizabeth herself showed continuously in every aspect of the preparations, everyone at the Palace from Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, himself, down to the humblest of the workmen worked with enthusiastic determination to have everything ready and in proper order—and everything is ready.

First of the newly restored State Apartments to be used were the long picture-gallery and the Throne Room on the first floor, where His Majesty, seated on the Throne, heard addresses of warm congratulation read and presented to him by deputations from the "Privileged Bodies"—the Churches, Scientific Associations, Universities, and other organisations with the traditional right to approach the Sovereign direct. The Queen and both Princess Elizabeth and Lt. Philip Mountbatten—who took up his quarters at the Palace a week or so ago, since it was impossible for him to continue his naval duties at Corsham and attend the various functions requiring his presence in London—were present on these occasions, and all have been impressed by the quiet happiness of their bearing.

THE principal guest apartments at the Palace, the famous Belgian Suite on the ground floor, have been assigned by the King to the King and Queen of Denmark. Others of the twenty-eight foreign Royal visitors have been given rooms on the principal corridor, on the front of the Palace overlooking the Mall. At the Palace, just as in every home, the influx of visitors has created rationing problems in its

train, and special application to the Westminster Food Office for extra ration permits was another thing unheard of in Coronation days.

These same difficulties made the arrangements of the pre-wedding parties—the afternoon function at St. James's Palace to view the gifts, the evening reception at Buckingham Palace, and the small dinner and dance at the Palace, as well as to-morrow's wedding breakfast itself and the subsequent reception—a matter needing a great deal of careful thought and planning, in which the Queen herself has taken a considerable part. Extra secretaries and typing staff have been busy dealing with the absolute flood of correspondence and cables, and the staff of the tiny Court post-office, tucked away at the side of the forecourt, found themselves so inundated with telephone calls that extra temporary lines had to be installed.

OVER at the Lord Chamberlain's office at St. James's Palace the Earl of Clarendon, and his Comptroller, Sir Terence Nugent, and their staff dealt with all such matters as issuing wedding invitations, lists of guests for the various parties, and so on. The pressure was so great and the hours so long that for the first time on record the two boxes above the Royal box at the annual Variety Show, which are always placed at the disposal of the Lord Chamberlain's staff, remained empty this year.

Activities spread from the Palace as far as Deeside when the Queen sent up staff from London to prepare and arrange Birkhall, that attractive small house on the Royal estate which Their Majesties know so well, for the second part of the Royal honeymoon. I understand the honeymoon will be shorter than had at first been thought. The Royal couple will spend only nine days at Broadlands before going North, and they will be on Deeside probably only a fortnight.

I WAS fortunate in being able to go and see some of the first 300 or 400 of Princess Elizabeth and Lt. Philip Mountbatten's wedding presents, which, together with the later arrivals and her wedding dress, will be on view for everyone to see at St. James's Palace about ten days after the wedding.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S WEDDING



Bertram Park
Lady Elizabeth Lambart, elder daughter of the Countess of Cavan, D.B.E., and the late Earl



Pearl Freeman
The Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, a niece of the Queen, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone



Hay Wrightson
H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, eleven-year-old only daughter of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent

JOURNAL

PALACE PREPARATIONS AND WEDDING PRESENTS

The day I went, pride of place was given to the magnificent present which had arrived that morning from the heads of the Corps Diplomatique in London. This was a travelling case fitted with a silver-gilt dressing-table set complete not only with a hand mirror, but a silver, gilt-edged dressing-table mirror as well. I saw no presents on view that day from the King and Queen or other members of the Royal family, with the exception of some lovely pieces of antique furniture, including a sideboard and four side-tables in an Adam design and an enchanting oval walnut table from Queen Mary. Other pieces of furniture came from Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt, who sent a useful antique folding-top card table. A pair of very nice Regency chairs, painted in white and blue, came from the Marchioness of Crewe. The Countess Bathurst sent a Chippendale armchair with a seat beautifully worked in petit point, an enchanting eighteenth-century show table came from the Hon. Jakey and Mrs. Astor, and a Chippendale tripod table from his eldest brother, the Hon. William Astor, and the Hon. Mrs. Astor.

THERE was a set of antique silver entrée dishes from King Peter of Yugoslavia and Queen Alexandra, and some lovely china; I especially liked the exquisite old Worcester tea and coffee service in Royal blue and gold sent by Lord and Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, and the beautiful Sèvres tea-service, also in Royal blue and gold, and decorated with flowers, painted by Levé Père about 1768, and given by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild.

There was not at that time a lot of silver on show, but among the pieces I noticed was a very fine large silver flower-vase from the Maharaja of Nepal, a very nice George II, coffee-pot from Lord Porchester, an antique Scottish silver tea-set from Lord Glentanar, a set of four magnificent silver candlesticks made in 1768 by Edward Gould from the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, and rather an unusual present in four silver teapot stands engraved with the initial E and coronet, charming in their simplicity, a gift from Viscount and Viscountess Hailsham and the Hon. Domini Lawrence, while Lord and Lady Forbes had sent an attractive Spanish silver ewer and basin.

There were many beautifully bound books. Mr. Winston Churchill sent a set of his work *The World Crisis*, and others who had chosen books as their present to the young couple included the Earl and Countess of Cromer, the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, Sir Felix Cassell, Viscount Goschen, Mrs. St. Aubyn Ratcliffe, the Countess of Wicklow, Miss E. B. Russell, Lady Tweedsmuir and her son, Lord Tweedsmuir, and the girls and boys, women and men, and the staff and warden of the Dockland Settlement, London Docks.

THERE were many presents for the personal use of the Princess, including lengths of lovely Scotch tweed from Major Allan Cameron of Lochiel, Lt.-Col. G. P. Philipps, the British Legion Cambrian Factory, and the Ayrshire Weavers. Lord Plunket and his brothers, the Hon. Robert and the Hon. Shaun Plunket, had chosen the very useful present of handkerchiefs, two dozen made in the finest lawn, absolutely plain except for the finely embroidered initial E. There were some cosy cashmere twin sets in grey and blue from Pringle of Scotland, and the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden had sent a length of hand-made lace. The Nottingham Chamber of Commerce sent a lovely selection of lace, veiling, lingerie and stockings, for which the city is famous. Lord and Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton and their children sent a delicate silk "Dress Stewart" tartan shawl which has been an heirloom in their family for many years. I am to have the privilege of seeing the other Royal wedding presents before the wedding, more about which I will tell you in our Wedding issue of December 3rd.

TO-MORROW the thoughts of millions of people all over the world will be focused on our beloved Princess Elizabeth and her bridegroom, Lt. Philip Mountbatten, on their wedding day. Princess Elizabeth, we know, will make a radiant bride as, beside her tall, good-looking husband, she walks down the nave of Westminster Abbey. I would like to end my journal this week wishing them both long life, every happiness, and the best of good luck in their future life together.



Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, a niece of the Queen, third daughter of the late Hon. J. H. Bowes-Lyon and of Mrs. Bowes-Lyon



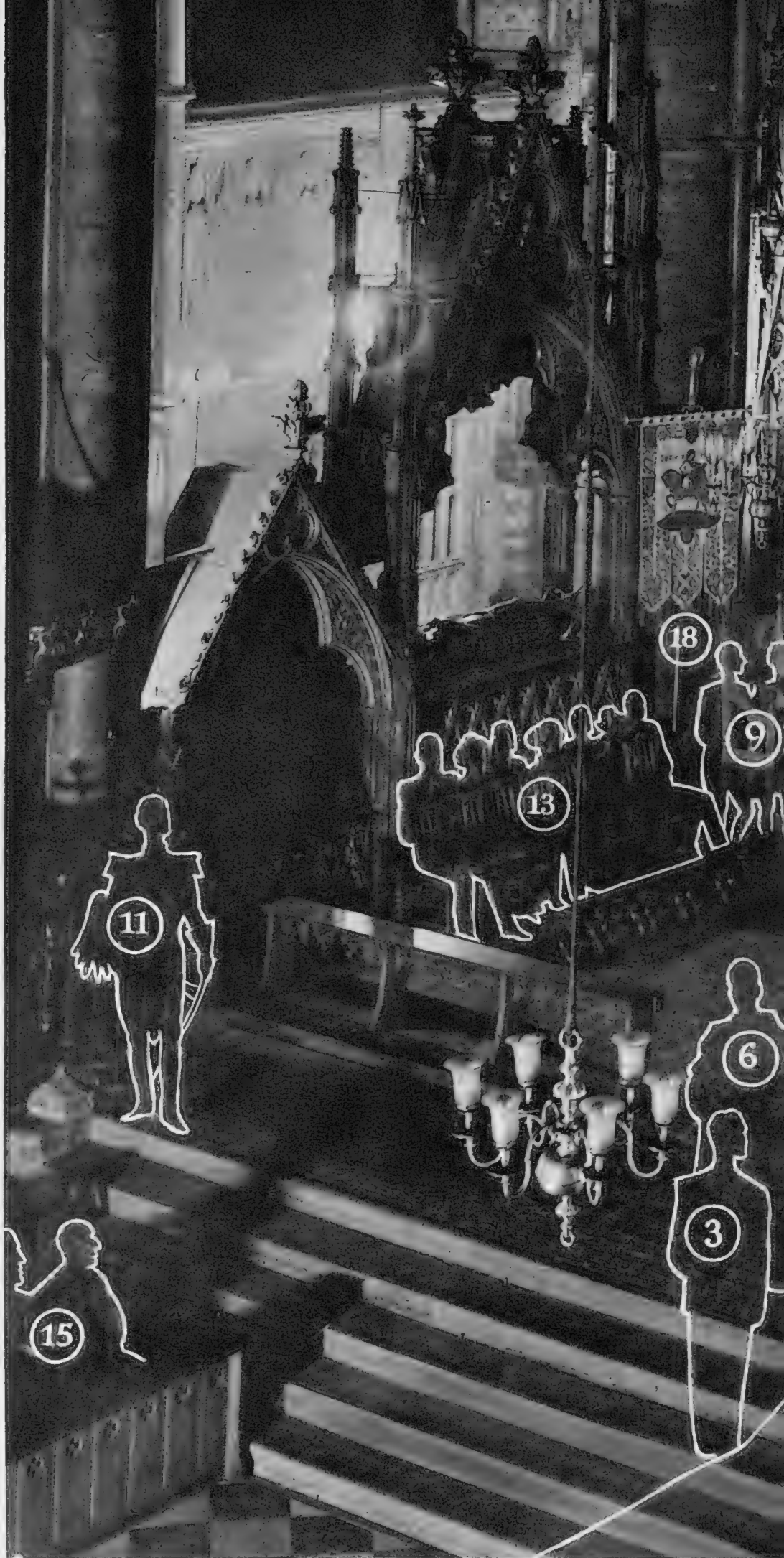
Eric Ager
H.R.H. Prince William, elder son of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester

The Marriage Ceremony

The *Tatler* here portrays the scene at the Abbey to-morrow, when H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Heiress-Presumptive to the British Throne, is wedded to Lt. Philip Mountbatten, R.N., in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen

Key

1. H.R.H. the bride
2. The bridegroom, Lt. Philip Mountbatten, R.N.
3. H.M. the King
4. The Archbishop of Canterbury
5. The Archbishop of York
6. The Dean of Westminster
7. The best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven
8. Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Prebendary S. Eley
9. The Earl of Halifax, High Steward of Westminster, and Mr. H. U. Willink, High Bailiff of Westminster
10. The Precentor, the Rev. C. M. Armitage, M.A.
11. Gentleman-at-Arms
12. Gentleman-at-Arms
13. The Mountbatten family
14. The Canons: the Sub-Dean, the Rev. Canon F. L. Donaldson, the Ven. Archdeacon S. J. Marriott, the Rev. Canon Adam Fox, the Rev. Canon Charles Smyth
15. Distinguished guests
16. Edward the Confessor's Chapel, where the register is signed
17. Banner of the Mothers' Union
18. Banner of the Church Lads' Brigade
19. The Chapter Clerk, Mr. G. G. Hartwright, in attendance on the Dean

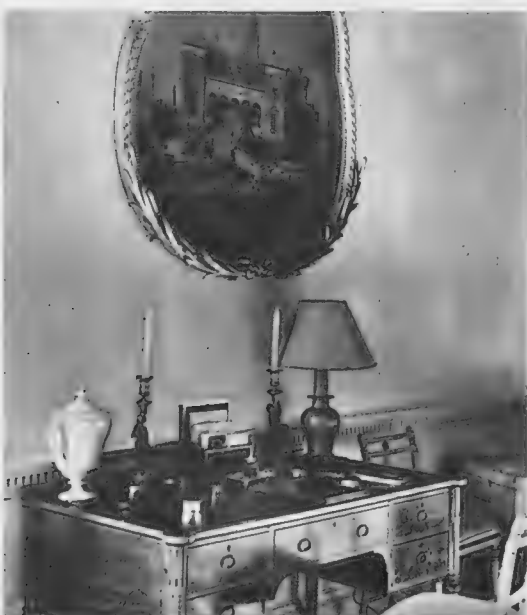






Broadlands, near Romsey, Hants: a view of the west side, with the Test flowing quietly by

WHERE THE ROYAL HONEYMOON WILL BEGIN



A corner of the boudoir, containing the writing bureau

At Earl Mountbatten's Country Home

Broadlands, where the first part of the Royal honeymoon will be spent, is the New Forest residence of Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma. It was last in the news when the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten married Lord Brabourne last year at Romsey Abbey. Built in the eighteenth century, it became the family seat of the Palmerston family, and the great Foreign Secretary spent much of his leisure time there. It was left to Lady Mountbatten by her father, the late Lord Mount Temple, who was such a prominent figure in the county. Part of it is being used at present as an annexe of the Royal South Hants and Southampton Hospital. From Broadlands the Royal couple will go to Birkhall, a house on the Royal estate near Balmoral, for the remainder of their honeymoon



The drawing-room has graceful, classical decorations



Photograph by BARON

To-morrow's Bridegroom. A characteristic study of the young naval officer to whom, as Princess Elizabeth's chosen consort, the British people have so unreservedly given their approval



Two visitors from France, M. Georges K. Benda and the Duchesse M. Dusmet, at the Cercle Gaulois



The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, wife of Lord Belper's heir, and the Hon. Seymour Berry, at Ciro's



The Hon. Julian Mond at Cunningham's Oyster Bar with Mrs. Douglas Sutherland (Moyra Fraser)



Swabe

Major Norman Fraser and Mrs. Ray Jeffs share a corner at Hatchetts

Priscilla in Paris

Gowns and

THIS year we seem to have gone straight out of summer flimsies into fur coats, which is very helpful (for the lucky ones who have such garments), since winter wraps cover a multitude of sartorial sins and one may be as brief-skirted as one likes beneath them. I have noticed, however, that where women forget the short-skirt brigade-keep their coats well swathed round their legs while the long-skirters leave theirs in the cloakroom.

The whole quarrel, of course, boils down to the horrid fact of whether one can, or cannot, afford new frocks this winter. Most of us can't. Once seated, it becomes a case of Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady . . . for the long-skirters must somehow hitch their draperies up to their knees, especially if they are wearing nylons, and then the short-skirters breathe a sigh of relief and loosen their coats.

LONG- and short-skirters alike prefer to read about Princess Elizabeth's trousseau rather than about the forty-seven gowns that Edith Piaf has taken to America, all the day ones being 11 ins. from the ground. This sounds too rich for words, but one sympathises with this wonderful little singer. Although her stage frock, that used to be a mere wisp of shiny serge, has become a black velvet affair, it is no wonder that she feels like blossoming out when she is in mufti.

I hear that her success in the States has been immense. The whole world of New York was at the Playhouse on 48th Street in order to give her a great big hand. Marlene Dietrich flew from Hollywood for the première. The lady of the lovely legs was wearing a Christian Dior creation that was short in front and long at the back. A shrewd girl, Marlene.

THE Paris crowds have gone completely mad about Laurel and Hardy. Thousands of autograph hunters gathered at the Nord station and waited several hours, for the train was late, to welcome them. The Press photographers and the reporters who had covered the street fights the evening before, and have now taken to wearing tin hats when they go out on

a political assignment, regretted they had no tin breastplates, the crush was so intense.

The same crush—but rather more dressy since few knees were apparent—came to the cocktail party given at the Lido in honour of the two cheery lads whom the French Press likes to call *les deux grands clowns*. Pretty Miss Laurel made as great a hit with the photographers as did her celebrated father. As for Oliver, he was immediately dubbed *ce bon gros*, and when the Lido chef peeked round the door for a glimpse of him he gave one gasp and retired to his kitchen in order to pop an extra chicken or two in the oven and open another box of *foie gras*, as they were dining at the Lido that night.



THERE was a grand free show for the dwellers in the somewhat populous quarter of Paris, where the permanently established (since 1783) Cirque d'Hiver is to be found, when Odette Bouglioni, daughter of the present owner, was married to Caroli, the star clown of the establishment. The bride, in white satin and flowing train and her groom in dress suit and topper, left the church on horseback escorted by all the personnel of the circus in their brightest attire.

This was a gayer wedding than another I went to, and that, because of what follows, must remain unlabelled. The church was not of Roman Catholic persuasion. There were no brightly flickering tapers, no choirboys and no organ, not even a bridesmaid to giggle. The palest, foggiest daylight filtered into the building, for the ceremony took place on one of the electric-current-cut days. When it was played, the harmonium was pianissimo and wheezy. The padre read his exhortation to the bridal pair by the aid of a pocket torch that frequently missed fire. He was kindly but not very eloquent, and he droned on and on and on, words without end. The wedding guests began to nod, and those of us who were pinching ourselves black and blue in order to keep awake, wondered when matters would come to a climax. They did, for at last the best man uttered so



Clowns

loud a snore that the startled padre dropped his torch and, in a manner of writing, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, and, in his flurry, the porker jumped over the stile, and so the young couple got home that night.

TO-DAY is *la Toussaint*, when France visits her dead. The cemeteries are full of flower-bearing mourners, and the bitter scent of chrysanthemums is overwhelming. Speeches are being made at the Unknown Soldier's grave and at all the official tombs. Of course, all the shops are closed and there are no posts "in" or "out." To-morrow being Sunday, this means that for two whole days we are letterless. But the cinemas are open and the theatres are giving extra matinées.

At the Père Lachaise cemetery, where Sarah Bernhardt's grave is always covered with the freshly-plucked Parma violets that the great actress loved, there is a monument that I have missed hitherto. It was massed with flowers that almost hid the tablet bearing the name "Allan Kardec" and the inscription "Born 1804, Died 1869. The Philosophy of Spiritism." Votive offerings bearing thanks abound. They have been deposited by grateful pilgrims, and some of the dates are quite recent. It seems that one has only to come to this grave and make one's wish. How comforting to the simple-minded. What I wonder, in my ignorance, alas, is, ought I to know who was Allan Kardec?

Voilà!

● Marius and his wife went fishing. Marius caught a fine fat trout. "We'll have a nice butter sauce with it," crooned Marius. "Got no butter," groused Mme. Marius. "Well; fry it in oil!"—"Oil's out too!"—"All right, then boil it!"—"Gas is cut to-day!"—"What about grilling it?"—"No coal!" Marius, in a rage, throws the fish back into the stream. It dives and in a moment or two comes to the surface: "Long live the Government!" cries the trout.



Film-stars Sonia Holm and Patrick Holt, who have recently announced their engagement, were at this Dean Street party



Zena Marshall, one of Mr. J. Arthur Rank's budding stars, and the Hon. David Tennant, brother of Lord Glenconner



Derrick De Marney, the film actor and producer, with Mary Morris, the actress, who flew from Norway to be present



Viscount Tredegar, Valentine Murck, a Russian actress to be seen in "Anna Karenina," and Mr. Giles Romilly, nephew of Mr. Winston Churchill



Philip Toynbee, author of "Tea with Mrs. Goodman" (which is reviewed on page 247), talking to Mrs. Frankie Howard



Mr. Alec Routledge and Miss Pauline Willson were also among the guests at this very successful event



Mr. David Davidson, one of the B.B.C. Children's Hour uncles, was a popular member of the party



Miss Anne Crawford, the film-star, recently seen in "The Master of Bankdam," talking to Capt. George Hayman

"See the Stars" Party at the Gargoyle Club

Ramage



The mansion of Rossdhu, set among the beautiful hills and woods surrounding Loch Lomond



Sir Iain entertains Corrie, the dog, by throwing stones for him into the loch, watched with amusement by his youngest daughter, Miss Mary Colquhoun



On his return from deerstalking, Sir Iain cleans his rifle in the smoking-room. The two eagles were shot by his grandfather, John Colquhoun, author of "The Moor and the Loch"

In the sp
in

"The
SIR IAIN



Ornate and handsomely paneled drawing-room hang the portraits of those who have been foremost in making the long and honourable history of the clan—soldiers, judges, administrators, divines

"The Tatler" visits —

COLQUHOUN AT HIS SCOTTISH HOME

On the hills on the western bank of Loch Lomond stands Rossshu, ancestral home of Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, Chief of the Clan Colquhoun by direct descent through 800 years. The house itself is a fine example of eighteenth-century architecture, having been built by Sir James Colquhoun, who was made a baronet of Great Britain in 1786.

Sir Iain, who is the seventh baronet, has had a distinguished career. He is the Lord-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, and since 1937 has been chairman of the National Advisory Council for

Scotland on Physical Training. On several occasions he has been High Commissioner for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and was for four years Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In the First World War he won the D.S.O. and bar. Sir Iain's kinsmen are scattered all over the world, and in the last war no fewer than sixty-seven from America visited him.

Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun have two sons and three daughters. His heir is Mr. Ivar Iain Colquhoun, and his eldest daughter is the wife of the Hon. Arthur Gore, second son of the Earl of Arran



In his "personal garden" Sir Iain explains an old Highland sundial to his daughter



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...



ONE good reason why the present Government doesn't seem to be getting on with Argentina as nicely as it might was lately revealed to us by pure accident.

The Argentines think these islands are populated entirely by the nightmare Forsytes of Galsworthy. They get this impression from *La Cuchara de Plata* ("The Silver Spoon"), a volume of the Forsyte Saga recently published in Spanish by a big Buenos Aires firm of our acquaintance; from which they not unnaturally deduce that the Race can't be human. It's not for an untaught but naturally courteous Celtic peasant like us to say whether this is correct or not. The Forsytes are to us pure shivering terror, and we have actually met one in the flesh, a sort of cross between a dead cod and a wooden Indian. It can't be good for foreigners to get these macabre ideas.

The only antidote occurring to us at the moment is the immediate exportation to the Argentine, by force if necessary, of Slogger Hugh ("Song-in-My-Heart") Dalton, that vital little bundle of high spirits and boyish diablerie. Get cracking, Board of Trade.

Riposte

A STIMULATING article in a Sunday paper by Lord Justice Asquith on the Decay of Obloquy reminded us of one or two recent mildish examples showing that the art of insult, if dying, is not quite dead yet.

Example 1 is a dialogue overheard in a club washroom:

"Has it ever occurred to you what a cad you are?"

"If your education had not been so obviously primary you'd know that I'm not a cad, I'm a bounder."

"That's rather absurd, isn't it? Most bounders imitate decent manners now and again."

"What makes you think you know anything about manners?"

(*Exeunt severally.*)

Example 2 is reported to us by a chap who mixes a great deal in powerful City circles, and might be called the Financiers' Farewell:

"Well, good morning, and you can go to hell."

"Good morning. Give your mother my love, when she stops barking."

Neither example has the polished verve of Dr. Johnson's celebrated comeback to the rude waterman on London River ("Sir, your wife, under the pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods"), but after all British civilisation ended with George the Fourth.

Gifties

PRESENTS official and private showered on the Royal couple seem to have been (judging by the Press) on the whole quiet and tasteful, like the Laureate's Marriage Ode. Up to a generation or two ago they'd have been snowed under by costly objects of great horror, and anyone who has ever rolled a bloodshot eye over the treasures exhibited in the Grand Serail at Istanbul can bear us out (very, very gently, please. Thank you).

What the Sovereigns of Europe ancient and modern gave the Sultans of Turkey on various occasions is nobody's business. How would you like a huge dressing-table glittering all over with pink diamonds, or maybe paste? That was a present from Catherine the Great, a very generous girl, known to all her boy-friends as Little Mother, or Matushka. How would you like a large model steamboat of gold, with ruby and emerald flags and diamond portholes? We forget whose thoughtful gift that was. How would you like a handful of diamonds and emeralds the size of plovers' eggs, or a nice outsize smoker's outfit of rococo malachite, with alabaster fittings and jewelled pipes? Or a whacking great pair of gold field-glasses encrusted with balas-rubies, just the thing for Ally Pally? You'd hardly know which way to look, we guess. The Sultans received all these gifts impassively and chucked them in the box-room. Their own taste was fairly terrible, but even they seem to have jibbed now and again.

We hit on the perfect wedding-present technique by pure accident, having pretended once for fun to be a book-critic and having brand-new books showered on us by publishers ever since. Scores of these ideal gifts must be nestling today in happy British homes, still uncut.

Extras

LIFE made a fool of Art again the other day, we observe, when a lady was stated to have fallen desperately in love with a private detective trailing her husband in her own divorce-proceedings. If Sacha Guitry or Coward or Maugham had thought of this situation the dick would naturally have been trailing the lady herself. However, you can't expect Life to supply everything.

Such a satiric comedy-theme need not be all brilliantly heartless, either. We can see a big compelling human moment when the dick breaks the news of his elopement to his hawk-eyed but bighearted employer in a discreet little West End office; a real Dickensy scene.

"And I thought C 76 was a mere floozie, Gad-about!"

"Chief, she's just a waif—just a poor little butterfly broken on Life's wheel."

(*Here the dick sobs quietly into his bowler-hat for a space.*)

"Well, well, well, Gadabout, we must now consider how all this goes down on the old sheet for J 45, must we not?"

"That's right, Chief. There's a 'Mizpah' brooch I bought her yesterday, rolled gold. Fifteen bob, shall we say?"

"Fifteen what, Gadabout?"

And amid genial professional chucklings and rib-diggings another fifteen guineas for "confidential out-of-town inquiries" swells the expense-account of J 45; husband, fall-guy, all-round sucker, and Old Uncle Bountiful.

Paranoia

VERY politely the *Sunday Times* Drama Critic handed the bird to a recent first-night audience which (a chap there present tells us) surpassed itself in hysteria and wetness. Nothing can be done about it.

West End first-night audiences being largely composed of "paper," or deadheads, or what are called in Paris theatre-circles *hirondelles*, a large amount of automatic frenzy is inevitable, especially from the friends of the backers' girlfriends. The judgment of the small clot of



cochons de payants present makes so little difference that they might all be members of the Critics' Circle. As a one-time critic with six months' bitter experience of the West End stage of the early 1930's (we were then fired for lying down and shamming dead) we got to know first-night audiences well. As the poet remarks:

Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to duck the old familiar faces . . .

These same paranoiac pans got Max Beer-bohm down so much (you recall) when he was critic for *The Saturday Review* that he began going to second-nights. Some first-night critics in desperation drink themselves into a stupor beforehand. That's all right with the actors, too. "May they rot!" cry the actors, and they, of course, in time, do.

Daydream

IF the populace of Jamaica ate the M.C.C. XI (we mused, pondering a recent letter to Auntie *Times* conveying that the forthcoming West Indian tour of those horse-faced conquistadores will be the finest thing for the natives of the Caribbean since the *Recopilación* of Charles the Fifth), the incident would be about as interesting as a wet Friday night in Manchester.

Presumably the Press would do its best:

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. O. Faddle of Burpington-on-Sea was 95 yesterday.

Bees nested in the hat of a grocer's niece at Little Mucking, Salop.

Ivy Muffin (20) will be the National Coal Board's choice for "Miss Futility, 1948."

Check gaiters are the coming fashion among smart bishops, according to "Gents' Wear."

When little Gloria Hopjoy (8) of King's Snorting, Beds., goes shopping, local tradesmen strike at her with bicycle-pumps.

At Port-of-Spain (Jamaica) yesterday the M.C.C. XI were eaten by the natives.

A rose grown by Mr. Elijah Grunt of Sniffleham, Notts, is bright pink in colour . . .

Meanwhile in Jamaica everybody would for a day or two be wearing little M.C.C. caps and feeling acutely foolish. Behind them, with faintly-raised eyebrows, would be the shades of Grand Admiral Christopher Columbus and Don Diego de Méndez (that valiant hidalgo) discussing trade-winds. Nobody would remember within a week who ate the M.C.C. XI and who didn't. Excuse these daydreams.

Flop

LORD LYTTON's regretted death the other day (he once mistook us at a booksy gathering for a person connected in some way with Literature, and when we laughingly pointed out this mistake was utterly charming) inevitably recalls the way in which the inky racket betrayed his grandfather, the first baron, Bulwer Lytton, first President of the Guild of Literature and Art, in 1865; which odious story we will now relate.

Bulwer Lytton conceived the Utopian idea of a literary colony at Stevenage, Herts., where Britain's booksy boys could live rent-free in highminded fraternal communion, exchanging lofty thoughts all day long. By 1865 the first three houses, built in the Gothic style just outside Stevenage, on land given by Lytton, were ready for occupation. A big party was thrown to celebrate. The County was invited to meet Britain's leading booksy boys, and thought them damned awful. Having taken its whack of free refreshment, the booksy racket then threw Lytton's scheme down cold and refused to be "buried alive," as one of the boys put it in a typical snarl. The three Gothic houses are still there, so far as we know. Maybe under Slogger Silkin's scheme for Stevenage, renamed locally "Silkingrad," they'll be occupied by the commissars.

Afterthought

AND of course it was all for the best, as you now realise. Stevenage would inevitably have become a nest of assault, battery, homicide, arson, bigamy, blackmail, forgery, mayhem, and rape. Which would make a nice change from the Pictures, at that. (No offence.)

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 12

At first thought to be a fishing bird, from its spiked feet,
but since found to shun water in any shape or form



The Clavicle Cracker—or Scrum-Coot

(Blawsttit-Taclimlowa)

ADULT MALE: General colour ruddy fulvous above, when in action extremely ruddy; tufted on dome, in some of the larger birds a peculiar growth on the head and ears is to be seen; sable tufts below the beak; beak bulky and hop-coloured; body feathers usually gaily striped or checkered; shanks blue to knee-joints, flesh-coloured below; feet large, leathery and spiked. Game bird.

HABITS: This winter visitor's advent to our open fields and heaths is heralded with great excitement by all true scrum-coot lovers. The clavicle crackers normally feed in packs of about fifteen, their favourite food being pills. They have strange little habits when feeding. Having found a pill, they will spend an abnormally large amount of time and energy in pushing it, or punting it (as this habit

is technically referred to) around and about between themselves before deciding to try it. Having tried it, they spend much time in uttering their strident cries, a 'kind of—"Oisaiwelppladsa," at the same time bobbing up and down and flapping their wing coverts. The bird, in the main, is ungainly, but is capable of showing a fine turn of speed, especially when in search of liquid sustenance.

HABITATS: All open fields, heaths and all old inns, when open. The species abounds where hops are to be found, being inordinately fond of the liquid secretions of this plant.

ADULT FEMALE: As yet not observed in action, although their cries have been heard, a kind of—"Ooorodnideeryorpantz."

Opening Meet of the



Mr. David Hutton and friend, Miss Neilson, Mrs. E. Hare, wife of the Chief Constable, and Mrs. P. C. Hutton



Miss Alison Knowles, secretary of the Hunt Ball committee, and Mrs. R. Rae, both of St. Tudy, at the meet at Hamatethy, St. Breward



Miss Prudence Molesworth St. Aubyn, of Pencarrow, daughter of Sir John and Lady Molesworth St. Aubyn, with Mr. H. Bastard, Hunt chairman, and a groom

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THE future Queen of England and her Consort are already assured of a permanent throne in the only place that really matters, in the heart of this nation; and these national and world-wide expressions of affection are likewise much more than mere lip service. We all know whom it is that all the world loves best, and this is most profoundly true of this present happening.

It is not possible to repress the regret that this most fragrant moment had not occurred in happier times, but the old jingle still is true when the atmosphere is infected by such incense. "Never mind the weather" rhymes with "you and I together"! In less pompous days, when people were not so afraid of coming off their little perches and letting themselves rip, a great occasion such as this would have been celebrated as Edward German's music invites us to visualise. The fountains in Trafalgar Square, or their Tudor equivalent, would have spouted the best Sack and Malvoisie for a week on end; oxen would have been roasted whole in Piccadilly Circus; there would have been jousts and tilting at the ring in Kensington Gardens; Morris dancing and kiss-in-the-ring in Palace Yard; quarter-staff contests (for members only) on the floor of the Second Chamber (by kind permission of their lordships); countless side-shows in the lobbies, such as wrestling, hunt the slipper, puss in the corner, grinning through a horse-collar, pricking the garter, or even bobbing for apples. Hautboys, trumpets and drums would have drowned even the noise of the motor buses; there would have been dancing on any available greens, and the Royal Buckhounds would have been turned loose in full cry after a Yeoman Pricker disguised as a Harte Proclaimed in Rotten Row.

These are just a very few of the things that would have happened in the good old times in this land once known as "Merrie England"; but even though we cannot now run into these strange capers, so suitable, as a very wise fool told us, for the celebration of a love-match, our wishes are just as heartfelt and we say with reverence and with fervour: "God speed and God bless!"

The Houghton Meeting

BY the time that this is published the events at Newmarket's last meeting, and the rest of the flat season of 1947 will be about as dead as two herrings, and we shall be devoting our serious attention to the jumpers and trying to see a Grand National winner in anything that wins at Aintree, or even over any long distance at the Park courses, and preferably over the best of them, Cheltenham. So it is proposed to be as brief as is possible in these

notes and just snip off the Newmarket tit-bits which may be worth putting into cold storage.

First of all, it seems obvious that Mighty Maharatta's Sayajirao seven-furlong gallop was just good Hunt Cup 1948, and not quite good enough Cambridgeshire 1947. I suggest that this is something for the store-cupboard, especially as there was every excuse for any horse at the end of such a cast-iron period as the one through which we have come. It only remains to congratulate a friend of well over forty years' standing upon finishing up his training career with an important victory, and upon the condition in which he sent out Fairey Fulmar. This horse has O. M. D. Bell's Derby winner, Felstead, in his pedigree, a fact which no doubt added a spice of satisfaction to the success. Oswald Marmaduke retires full of years and full of honours! Fairey Fulmar now goes to the stud, and might quite easily beget some of the things of which we are most in need—stayers.

The Dewhurst

THIS race must interest us more than the Jockey Club Cup, because Laurentis, winner of the latter, has the misfortune to claim the letters H.B. after his name. His pedigree proclaims him full of so much of our best blood, but Deiri, his sire, is not in the Stud Book. Laurentis won the Jockey Club Cup like the racehorse he unquestionably is, and he will win again many times next season.

As to Pride of India, the best-looking two-year-old of either sex, he just squandered the very ordinary Dewhurst field in the same way as he did one of much the same class in the New Ham Stakes at Goodwood—so he puts us no forrader; but, if there is anything in the way in which they walk, I invite you to think of it in connection with this one. The Dewhurst was no race, for none of them could go fast enough to make Pride of India gallop. He, Lerins, Black Tarquin, and The Cobbler give us a chance of making plenty of mistakes next year over the classics. Which would you pick on the two-year-old form? I have my own idea, but I feel sure that at the moment it is far better not to think aloud.

Regimental Polo in Germany

WHATEVER may be the case in England, polo is not dead where the soldiers of the B.A.O.R. congregate, and at the end of a quite successful season at Munster Lager on the School of Artillery ground at Dennis Barracks, it ended up in a match, which had quite an old Inter-Regimental smack about it, between a 7th Hussar side and one from the 29th Field Regiment R.A., which the cavalry

side won by 6 to 5 after a four-chukka contest, which is two less than the usual distance for this sort of entertainment.

The whole tournament seems to have given everyone a lot of fun, which, after all, is the main thing that matters. Where they found the ponies in these mechanised days I do not know, but they did, and they also collected two celebrities as umpires, Lieut.-General Sir Richard McCreery (12th Lancers winning team at Hurlingham in 1936, when they beat the Navy, H.E. Earl Mountbatten's famous side, he then being only a Commander), and someone whose name is sent me as Lieut.-Colonel "Tony" Sanger. If this is P. B. Sanger, P.A.V.O. Cavalry, then it is that of one of the top class that the Indian Cavalry used to produce. P. B. Sanger was not far off International form. The teams on this present occasion were: 7th Hussars: Capt. J. H. Harding, Major J. F. Astley-Rushton, Major H. Hook and Major F. N. St. J. Fairhurst; Royal Artillery: Lieut.-Col. G. F. Lushington, Major F. B. Edmeades, Col. E. S. Lindsay and Lieut.-Col. E. C. L. Simson. The 7th won, despite being without Major John Congreve, who was considered their best. The regiment won the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1934, beating the holders, The Greys (minus Humphrey Guinness, a great handicap), 9-4.

The 7th Hussar team was (ranks given as they then were) Capt. F. W. Byass, Capt. R. B. Sheppard (who played like two men), Capt. E. F. Fielden, and Lieut.-Col. G. C. A. Breitmayer, who skipped the team, and played like a book all the way.

The Worst Men of the Border

THE announcement that Afridis, Mahsuds and Waziris have been identified amongst those who burst into Kashmir is uncomfortable news to anyone who may have even a nodding acquaintanceship with any of them, for they are unquestionably the worst men to be met with on the whole north-west frontier borderland of India, if not, indeed, anywhere in the world. The Afridis, robbers all, come from the Khyber region; the others from much farther away to the west, and if asked to pick the winner in the Cruelty Stakes I should go for the Mahsud. The tally against him is a pretty gruesome one. He has been caught sitting on the face of a wounded man and hacking off his fingers one by one—and this was only a preliminary to something much worse.

The rest would not look at all nice in print. The whole pack, however, is actuated by the same motive—loot, and unfortunately, Kashmir contains plenty of the kind they like best.

North Cornwall Hounds



Major James Lethbridge, Miss Joan Moore, of Trewen, Lanteglos, Camelford, Mr. Peter Key and Miss Gillian Moore



Major Morris, who came from Lifton, Devon, was another member of the large field



Mr. H. C. Nelson, a guest at Hamatethy, chats with Major-Gen. E. G. W. Harrison, the Master, who was formerly an A.D.C. to the King



Mrs. H. Bastard, of Wadebridge, with Mr. and Mrs. F. Gloyn, of Polzeath, who were originally followers of the Old Surrey Hunt



Susan and Peter Abbot, children of the hunt vet., Mr. A. V. H. G. Abbot, of Bodmin, with Winston, a hound walked by Mr. H. Bastard

A Very Good Run Was Enjoyed by the North Cornwall at their opening meet at the kennels, St. Breward, near Bodmin. The Hunt, which adjoins the East Cornwall and the Four Burrow, covers good scenting country, chiefly grass and moorland, from Boscastle and Padstow on the north coast to a narrow neck at Fowey on the south. The country has been hunted regularly since 1824

Scoreboard

LAMENT OF THE ROULETTE HOSTESS.

*Bother; I cannot mind my wheel;
My stomach aches; my nose is blue:
Perhaps it was the jellied eel,
Perhaps the Sherbet '42.
(More follows.)*



BUT, having caught my pen in my moustache, which I grow in order to make available for what is known as export more of what pass for razor-blades, I am behind my programme, as the very small musical critic remarked when Sir Thomas Beecham asked where the hell he'd got to. So, I will content myself and, I trust, all

those who love true poetry, from Ossian to Auden, with but one more line:

Nietzsche I loved, and, next to Nietzsche, Art.

Nietzsche we know; though his name is never mentioned by martyrs to dental instability. (Try Gummo.—Advt.)

BUT whom of her many heroes, or patrons, does the Hostess designate by the endearing diminutive "Art"? Askey? Bliss? Bryant? Toscanini? Or King Arthur of the Round Table? There is no evidence that this nebulous monarch, though he undoubtedly played single-wicket cricket for Camelot versus Usk, ever had a smack at Roulette; unless the line

Then slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge refers to the King giving his correct name and address, like a real gentleman, from the bottom of the scrum during a police raid:

So there. And no apologies to Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864). He never apologised himself. Except once, to his dining-room table, when, having been contradicted, he dived underneath it and bit one of its legs in mistake for one of William Wordsworth's. You deny this? Anything, I reply, can happen with poets—and wooden legs.

SO Walter Hagen, non-playing captain of the recently not unsuccessful United States Ryder Cup golf team, is growing fat. Pleasant to hear that someone is. Pleasant to hear of Hagen

at any time. He's had many imitators; no successor. He had the skill to win seven Open Championships; two in the States, one in France, four over here. He had the honesty to say that he played golf to make money; a shocking admission in the England of twenty years ago. And he didn't care. He made and lost fortunes with the utmost good humour.

Aside from finance, he set a new standard in dress; dark stockings with light plus-fours, and vice versa. All very artistically considered. Like his putts. How he holed them; especially when he had to; more especially when he could persuade someone in the gallery to bet he wouldn't. I saw him lose that 72-hole match with Archie Compston at Moor Park, in April 1928. 18 down and 17 to play Hagen finished. Compston was the first English golfer to play Hagen on level terms at the game of showmanship, and, while Hagen studied putts fore and aft, Compston lay down on the green and hummed not untunefully. But Hagen took £500 for that defeat, and went on to win our Open at Sandwich.

Next year, he won it again, at Muirfield. He began with a knockabout 75; played Bridge till 2 a.m., and, a few hours later, minced most of the field with a 67. By evening, he was still two strokes behind the leader, Leo Diegel; also of U.S.A., the inventor of geometrical putting, a man of tight-stretched nerves. Past midnight, Hagen was again at the card-table. Someone said to him, "Diegel's been in bed for three hours." "Yes," said Hagen, "but he's not asleep." You've heard that one before? Well, it just shows how news gets around.

BJJORGGENSSSEN, former chess master of the Arctic Ocean, was the fastest player ever known; so fast that, when he moved a knight, it looked like a carriage-and-pair, except for the carriage. At length, all his possible opponents defaulted through eye-ache, and he became Champion.

Bjjorggenssen was also an accomplished linguist. When asked to compile his autobiography, he said, in idiomatic English, "There is too much. I do not seek writer's cramp. I am not the registrar of Reno."

R.C. Robertson Glasgow

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Bluestocking Ladies"
 "Tea with Mrs. Goodman"
 "Sisters by a River"
 "The Snail that Climbed Up
 the Eiffel Tower"
 "In the Hands of the
 Senecas"
 "English Hymns and Hymn
 Writers"

WALTER SCOTT'S *The Bluestocking Ladies* (John Green; 10s. 6d.) pictures for us the original group, and should do much to rescue the term "bluestocking" from subsequent foggy associations. By Victorians, the word was seldom applied to a lady for whom one could have any regard—the assumption was that any one of the tenderer sex so dubbed could but be pedant, prig and very possibly prude—wearer of wrinkled stockings (though these, of course, would be guessed at rather than seen), steel-rimmed spectacles and sagging bun of hair.

For all I know the assumption may have been correct. In the first grand days, however, it would have been wildly out—the eighteenth-century ladies who hit upon intellect as an agreeable variant to dress and scandal, and conversation as an alternative to gambling, were at the worst far from dowdy and at the best brilliant. Many of them were *mondaines*, who took their new pleasure-round in the old high spirit; almost all were—to use that tiresome expression—"men's women"; and those who, on the strength of intelligence and personality, emerged from comparatively obscure surroundings, carried themselves with assurance, poise, and at least a modicum of charm.

SOME were adept hostesses, others accomplished guests. Romance, in most cases, did not play a great part in their lives. For their day, they tended to marry, if at all, late—most marked exception being the charming Mrs. Delany, whose first marriage was one of the enormities of her period, a girl of seventeen sold to a repulsive and gout-ridden debauchee of sixty: happily, early widowhood supervened, and the second marriage, to a dean of the Church of Ireland, was idyllic. Elizabeth Montagu, after a few years of romping, made an excellent match; though she was to be, Mr. Scott suggests, somewhat hardened by the death in his infancy of her beloved only child.

It is difficult [says Mr. Scott] to say exactly what the Bluestockings effected. Before them there had been ladies of considerable learning and unblemished character, who, however, had lived enisled and had small power to attract others to partake of a somewhat invidious seclusion. The Bluestockings certainly availed somewhat to tip the balance against the idea that the world was made for man alone. . . . They saw clearly that emancipation could only be won by educated women, and did their best to realise, in their own persons, the type of woman best fitted to claim on her own merits an equality with man, and to persuade others to do likewise. . . . Their approach to the problem was essentially English. . . . none of them aspired to be a Messalina, a Sévigné, a Montespan, or even a Maintenon. They made no protest against maternity, nor had they any real contempt for man. . . . In the Middle Ages women had filled most important posts, so could others in the eighteenth century. Mrs. Montagu could manage a colliery, Mrs. Carter could translate Epictetus, Miss More could oversee a network of institutions, and Miss Burney could write a novel that set the world on fire. . . .

Their success involved their own disappearance. The possession of learning ceased to be a distinction when its acquisition came to be within the reach of a multitude.

The most lovable and best balanced of these characters would seem to have been Mrs. Delany (*née* Mary Granville), of the long-lasting glowing beauty, and of a youth of heart which she carried unlost to the grave. She had been an agreeably pert child. When she was ten, Handel visited her uncle's house and was persuaded to play upon the spinet: immediately upon the great man's departure Mary seated herself and likewise began to play. Her uncle asked whether she thought she would ever play as well as Mr. Handel did. "If I did not," instantly responded young Miss Granville, "I should burn my instrument." With the years she gained in sympathy without losing height: she would nowadays perhaps be called a perfectionist. Great lady by birth and calling, she remained delicately obdurate on the subject of persons she did not choose to receive—neither the illustrious but imperfectly house-trained Dr. Johnson nor his somewhat noisy Egeria Mrs. Thrale were at any time invited to cross her threshold. *A propos* of her loved niece and godchild Mary Dewes, she wrote: "There is nothing I wish so much for Mary as a proper knowledge of the polite world. It is the only means of keeping her safe from an immoderate love of its vanities and follies, and of giving her that sensible kind of reserve which great retirement converts into either awkward sheepishness or forward pertness." And elsewhere: "I think nobody can do so much good in the world who is not well bred as those that are." It was to the affectionate interest of Mrs. Delany

that Fanny Burney (subject of another chapter of Mr. Scott's) owed many real benefits, if also the doubtful one of five years of sequestration with Queen Charlotte. Miss Burney—*was* she, as Mrs. Thrale opined, "sly," or not?—is in her own right sufficiently well known: it is relating her to the rest of this group that Mr. Scott's chapter is most useful.

MRS. MONTAGU, more formidable than Mrs. Delany, was another pre-eminently social figure: her wealth seems as indissociable from her as her wit—giver of famous, sought-after and lavish parties, she did much to put intellect on the *beau monde* map. She adored and practised interior decoration; her dresses were notable; wearer of many diamonds, some found her diamond-hard. She enjoyed friendships with the most distinguished men of her day. Dr. Johnson she did (unlike Mrs. Delany) attempt; but he offended her. Said Johnson to Boswell in 1781: "Mrs. Montagu has dropt me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by."

Mrs. Carter (whose "Mrs." was purely honorary), Hester Chapone (*née* Mulso), "the bluest of the Blues," "Hecky" to friends, rake in youth and the discreet novelist Richardson's "little spitfire," are two more portraits in Mr. Scott's gallery. A full further chapter goes to Miss Hannah More, sister of sisters, woman of letters, playwright, friend of Garrick, supporter of Wilberforce in the anti-slavery campaign, educational pioneer, philanthropist. Poor dear much-talked-about Mrs. Thrale (later, Piozzi) fares better at Mr. Scott's hands than at many others. In a chapter of "Others," notable figures are two scatter-brained but memorable Irishwomen, Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey and the Countess of Cork (*née* Mary Monckton), also "the beautiful Mrs. Crewe," Ann Ord, Catherine Talbot, Charlotte Walsingham, and dear Mrs. Boscawen—already the subject of a book to herself, of some years ago, entitled *Admiral's Widow*.

The Bluestocking Ladies is a light but not, I think, lightweight book. Mr. Scott's writing style has no particular elegance, but is clear. By continuing in this vein of pleasant research, he should—if I may adapt a well-known remark—in time make the name Walter Scott famous.

"TEA WITH MRS. GOODMAN," by Philip Toynbee (*Horizon*; 7s. 6d.), is an exceedingly interesting and important experiment in fiction. To your reviewer, as also a novelist, it is in fact fascinating: it is only not discussed here at greater length because of a doubt that the average (and to be honoured) reader for entertainment, who shuns brainwork, would find it eminently readable. Mr. Toynbee, as author of *The Barricades*, has already shown himself to be a master of fiction in the accepted sense: he is now out to see whether fiction cannot be made to break its so-far accepted bounds. Therefore, as a start I should like to commend this book to anybody interested in experiment and prepared to go to some pains to follow its course—others should, in fairness, be warned off it.

Mr. Toynbee has presented a summer afternoon tea-party in a house in a



F. J. Goodman

Tanya Moiseiwitsch, who is responsible for the sets of the new production of *Peter Grimes* at Covent Garden, is the daughter of two famous musicians. Benno Moiseiwitsch, the famous pianist, is her father, and Daisy Kennedy, the violinist, her mother. Her list of stage designs is an unusually long one, and for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, alone she carried out fifty productions. More recent work includes the sets for *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Bless the Bride*

RECORD OF THE WEEK

WHATEVER people may think about *Finian's Rainbow*, the latest musical importation from the United States, there can be no question about the way Miss Gracie Fields handles *If this isn't love and How are things in Glocca Morra?* both from this show.

The principals from the stage production would do well to study this record and learn something of the art which Gracie Fields infuses into each number in three minutes and a bittock! The voice, the diction, the whistling and the interpretation

are in every way up to the form we all expect of her. The accompaniment comes from an excellent orchestra conducted by Phil Green, who conducts for the show at the Palace Theatre, but through every second of the two sides of the record there is the artistry and understanding of a great performer. It isn't often that we get personality as well as ability on records to-day, and I am glad to recommend, with sincerity, the newest recording from "Our Gracie." (Decca F.8808.)

Robert Tredinnick.

London square in terms of the consciousness of everyone present at it—with the exception, it should be said, of the hostess; whose contribution, during the course of the afternoon, is to drop and break a cup and assume, in the minds of her visitors, various mostly nightmarish, phantasmagoric forms. It would be effective but not correct to say that this is an ordinary tea-party rendered in an extraordinary manner—as it is, I cannot describe a party at which a bat flies into somebody's hair then round the room, a priest has a seizure, a little boy kicks two men and a ventriloquist fathers salacious remarks on to somebody else's dog as ordinary: I feel that had Mrs. Goodman's guests been more circumspect and less ill-assorted, Mr. Toynbee's chronicle would have realised its important and worthy purpose more fully.

Each section of *Tea with Mrs. Goodman* represents the consciousness of a person present, that person's notation of, and reaction to, what is happening, and that person's swerving interior thought-stream. Each section is lettered (A, B, C, and so on) to denote the person; and numbered, to denote the minute, or sequence of minutes, in time. Thus, A-2, B-2, C-2, for instance, all reflect, through different eyes, the same event—in this case, poor, dear Mrs. Goodman's dropping of the teacup. I hope I make myself clear: Mr. Toynbee does. Present are the brothers Max and Tom Ford, Daisy Tillet, the young girl, and her brother Noel, the dancer, Father Morton and his son, the clown Charley Parsley, Billy the motherless little boy, Miss Black the religious spinster. For my own part, I should have left the room when the bat entered: the equanimity with which the guests conducted themselves impressed me.

"SISTERS BY A RIVER" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.) is in another and perhaps less high sense a curiosity of literature: it comes to us with its own engaging challenge as being a novel no publisher would (up to now) publish. The author, Barbara Comyns, however, smiles with undiminished confidence from the back of the wrapper, and, on the whole, I find confidence justified.

All the same, this book puzzles me: its battalions artlessness seems to me almost too thorough—the high points are, as against this, very funny indeed. Well is it called a blend of gruesome and comic—I should go further and call it a non-indigenous, somewhat trans-Atlantic in manner, poor-white view of English family life. We have five sisters, of whom our narrator is one, being born of and reared by peculiar parents in an ostentatious but charnel mansion on the banks of the Avon. There is also a resident grandmother, who having survived an attempt by the children's parents to push her out of what proved to be a too-small window, in her nightgown, continues to interfere further in family affairs till her career is terminated by death with cocoa-stains round her mouth. That everything set down here *did*, somehow, happen, one somehow can never completely doubt—considerable tribute to

Miss Comyns! Here, fair sample, is a passage chosen at random:

Daddy had a number of guns, he kept them in the billiard-room, there was a revolver too, he was always threatening to shoot himself, his creditors or both with it, the big guns, some of them, had double barrels to make it easy for bad shots and cross eyed men, they were intended for shooting game, although quite often they were used on cats and people, towards the end of his life he got obsessed with the idea of shooting my red setter. With horror I would see the barrel of a gun appearing from a holly bush, I would call her away with a shaking voice, he would fire after us as we ran away, but fortunately his aim had got rather bad by this time. Occasionally he

unsuccessfully tried shooting Mammy and as she was quite deaf she didn't even notice. Once he had a few shots at a cousin and the man she was engaged to because they stayed out rather late on the river, they were frightfully upset and left the house next morning. . . .

The author's spelling and punctuation—of which the variations are inscrutable—have been, as you may see, preserved. Pray form your own opinions of this unique work.



I'm an Export—

See page 254

"THE SNAIL THAT CLIMBED UP THE EIFFEL TOWER" (John Lehmann; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of imaginative stories for children, by Odo Cross, beautifully interpreted by the two-colour drawings

of John Minton. As a whole, this production should focus the eye and fancy and please the reader of any age. The tone of the stories is, if anything, tenderly melancholic (in the Hans Andersen manner) rather than robust—though the tale of the nice-minded English snail Susan, whose head is not turned by Paris, is cosy to a degree. I found Mr. Cross's style here and there too grown-up—what will a young child make of a day "charged with expectancy"? Mr. Minton's stylish-fantastic drawings seem, on the other hand, to show not a single error.

"IN THE HANDS OF THE SENECA" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a rattling good story about Red Indians, for grown-ups, by Walter D. Edmonds (author of *Chad Hanna*), who is, I learn, one of the leading authorities on this race. We have the Indians seen from their captives' viewpoint: the year is 1778; the scattered settlement of Dygartsbush, New York State, has been raided, the white men slain and scalped, the women and older children carried off. It is the differing fortunes of these women that we follow. The story, told in Mr. Edmonds' realistic manner, is tense—there is, I am glad to tell you, a happy ending.

"ENGLISH HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS," by Adam Fox ("Britain in Pictures" Series; Collins, 5s.), is an excellent book on a perhaps larger subject than one had realised. To the evolution and history of the hymn, here traced, are added the stories of many of our favourites. Quotations from bygone favourites—some of them curious enough—abound.

HUNTING NOTES

IN spite of hard going and poor scenting conditions resulting from the continued dry weather, Whaddon Chase Hounds have been enjoying good sport. Young hounds are entering well and the pack run with a wonderful cry. A very big fox was killed after an early meet at Aston Abbots, after which hounds were taken on to Hulcott. Ten days later there was a large field out at the Lone Tree, Thornborough, and foxes were found in Cave and Pilch. One from Pilch provided an interesting hunt to Adstock village.



IN Warwickshire, hounds did well last month until the continuing dry weather and hard state of the ground made it really impossible to follow hounds if they got away from covert, and run well in the open; but forty and a half brace of foxes have been accounted for up to time of writing, in spite of a certain amount of lameness among the pack. Hounds had a good morning from Sherbourne at the Smith Ryland coverts and accounted for a brace. Earlier they had returned from Foxcote, in the lower Cotswolds, a fox to the good, and the following week killed a brace at Upton—no doubt greatly to the satisfaction of Major Samuel, the Master. A sign of the times is the presence of four young lady stable helpers at the kennels. Whether this is a good or bad sign is a matter of opinion, but at any rate the "new recruits" are said to be giving satisfaction to the Hunt authorities.

CUB-HUNTING started with the Puckeridge Foxhounds on August 30th, but it has been a very bad scenting time owing to the drought, although both the new huntsman (Capt. Charles Barclay) and the hounds have given a very good account of themselves. At the time of writing it is feared that the opening meet may have to be postponed owing to the hard state of the ground. Rain is badly needed to improve conditions generally.

THE Meynell Hounds commenced cub-hunting early in September, and in spite of the adverse weather conditions, have killed over ten brace. The Joint-Masters, Capt. M. J. Kingscote and Lieut.-Col. Sir Ian Walker, are entering their eleventh season, and long may this popular partnership continue. Major Betterton, who has been acting honorary secretary since 1940, retired in May, and Major D'Arcy Harris, who comes from the Beaufort country, has taken over the secretaryship. Brigadier "Roscoe" Harvey is handling the wire situation with his usual keenness.

THE V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's Hounds) had their opening meet on Tuesday, October 28, at Bibury Court, the seat of Sir Orme and Lady Clarke. In spite of hard ground and lack of rain, a very fair day's sport was enjoyed by the biggest field since 1939. Joe Wright, the huntsman, being laid up, Col. Townsend carried the horn.

THERE has not been a worse cubbing season in Lincolnshire for many years. One of the driest Octobers ever remembered rendered the ground both scentless and unridable, with the result that fewer cubs have been accounted for. The Blankney made a start on November 1st, when their opening meet, at Brant Broughton Manor, was largely attended, but sport did not reach a very high standard. It was like the curate's egg, "good in parts." Foxes were difficult to find, and there was hardly an atom of scent in the Vale. It served better on the heath and hounds then ran well on a vulp from Gorse Hill which took them towards the Lincoln ramper, before reaching which it turned and was lost at the Keeper's Covert. This enjoyable 25 minutes atoned for an otherwise disappointing day. The pack, which last season was hunted by a committee, is now controlled by Mr. J. G. Henson, a well-known sporting farmer from the heath



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Shuttleworth — Phillips

The marriage took place recently at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Lord Shuttleworth and Miss Anne Elizabeth Phillips, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Geoffrey Phillips, of 35, Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, London, S.W.



Rendlesham — McCrick

Lord Rendlesham, elder son of the late Col. the Hon. Hugh Thellusson and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Thellusson, married Miss Clare McCrick, daughter of Lt.-Col. D. H. G. McCrick, in London



Willan — Kinghan

Lt.-Cdr. Derek P. Willan, D.S.C., Royal Navy, elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. L. L. P. Willan, of Alverstoke, Hants, married Miss Patricia Margaret Kinghan, only daughter of Mr. R. W. Kinghan, M.C., and of Mrs. Kinghan, of Southborough, Kent, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Coubrough — Robinson

Lt. Ian Coubrough, Royal Horse Artillery, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. M. Coubrough, of Ardoch, Cockfosters, Hertfordshire, married Miss Patricia Robinson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Robinson, of Parkfield House, Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire



Selbie — O'Donovan

Mr. E. Selbie, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Schicht, of 9, Ennismore Gardens, London, married Miss Ann Alexius O'Donovan, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Donovan, of 130, Harley Street, W.1, at St. James's, Spanish Place

A Jacquemar scarf

A Christmas tradition...

A perfect present...

Jacquemar

16, Grosvenor Street London.W.1.

we are famous for fine handbags



So delightful to give,
so thrilling to receive.
This magnificent handbag in
Ostrich Grained Calf. Beautifully
fitted and half lined in leather and
rayon. Made on strong gilt frame.
Havana shade. £8.15.9.
Post 1/3 extra

Swan & Edgar
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

SWAN & EDGAR LTD. PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1. REGENT 1615



Our new ABDUL CHAPEAU
that sweeps off your brow in a
flattering and dramatic way. In
White Lincoln Lamb and in Black
or Brown Coney it is equally
beautiful. £4.19.11

(No Coupons)

Special attention to Post Orders.
Not sent on approval.

The news is THE PROFILE
FUR HOOD that is so alluring.
In Black or Brown Coney.

(No Coupons) £6.1.6

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
LONDON**
The Famous Name
for Quality



TOPPED WITH FUR . . .



Lustrous mink forms a frame for the face with brown velvet swathed into a crown and forming a turban effect at each side

Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

Wide brimmed and off the face. A perfect hat to combine with the more tailored lines of a Persian lamb coat

Match your coat with a hat and complete the fur ensemble



A squashed beret, popular in Paris now, is made in phantom beaver. All three hats from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Photographs by Peter Clark



Somebody's Birthday



**PETER PAN
COATS**
... of course!



Available at leading shops throughout the country

Your kiddy will look delightful in this lovely outfit...



A dress, cardigan and socks suitable for a little treasure of 1 to 2 years. Ask at your wool shop for Jester Publication Twenty-five.

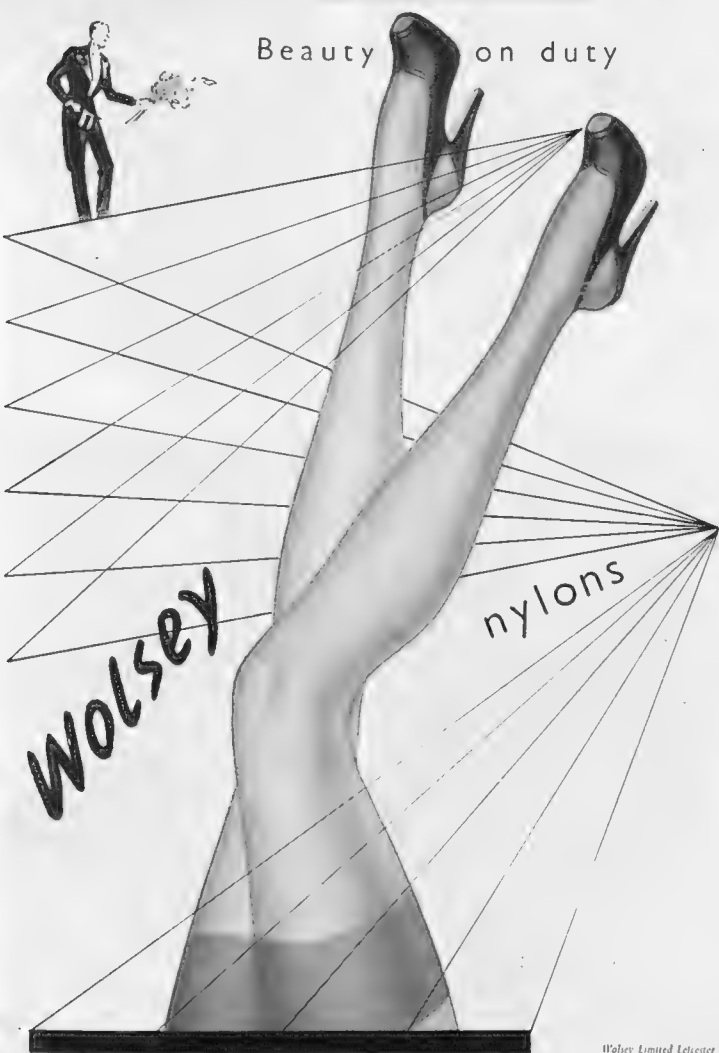
Jester

KNITTING WOOLS

If Jester Washing Instructions are followed, Jester Wool will "never shrink from a wash."

THE JESTER COMPANY LIMITED • LEICESTER

Beauty on duty



Wolsey Limited Leicester

Yes... say your feet

When you're looking for fashion and hoping for comfort—how thrilling to discover both so happily blended in Arch Preserver Shoes! See them in designs as new as tomorrow morning, yet with every one of the time-proven comfort features retained.

Brannock fitted at
Manfields shops



ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD., 17.18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only)



Young Londoners

Between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five the world of fashion lies before you, tailored suits, gay dresses, picture frocks, you wear them all with equal grace. In the 'Young Londoner's' room on the newly-opened second floor of Dickins and Jones you can take your choice of all these clothes especially designed and sized for your age.

DICKINS AND JONES

REGENT STREET LONDON W1

"Waukeezi"

"OUT & ABOUT" 3 GNS.

"Waukeezi" ORIGINALS

...WIN FIRST PLACE FOR CHARM & GRACE

REGISTERED LAST NO. 841168.
THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your agent

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Edith Lowry-Corry, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. C. Lowry-Corry, of Edwardstone Hall, Boxford, Suffolk, who is engaged to Lt.-Col. R. M. P. Carver, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Royal Tank Regiment, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Carver, of Ticklerton, Shropshire



Miss I. Hamilton Forbes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Forbes, Lambrook, Bracknell, Berkshire, who is engaged to Mr. Philip Paul Stanley Brownless, eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Brownless, of St. John's Vicarage, Moulsham, Chelmsford



Navana

Miss Mary Grizel Boyle, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. C. A. Boyle, C.I.E., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Boyle, of Nottingham, Dorset, who is to be married in December to Captain James Berkeley Sackville-Hamilton, R.E., elder son of Col. and Mrs. S. W. Sackville-Hamilton, of Bayard House, Upwey, Dorset



Fayer

Miss Gillian Jones, only daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Jones, of Yew Tree House, Aldbourne, Wiltshire, who is engaged to Mr. David Tilling Wroth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wroth, of West Farm, Collingbourne Ducis, Wiltshire



Miss Vivien Mary Scott, only daughter of Mr. Cyril Scott, the composer, of Pevensey Bay, who is to be married next month to Capt. R. H. Stafford, M.C., Royal Engineers, of Upper Harcourt, Stanton



Harlip

Miss Helen Patricia Stanier Rowley, elder daughter of the late Capt. W. J. Rowley and of Mrs. B. A. Rowley, of Stapeley Manor, Nantwich, Cheshire, who is engaged to Mr. Francis Arthur Swinnerton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Swinnerton, of Lady Hill, Ash Bank, Stoke-on-Trent



EXCLUSIVE MODEL

A kasha felt beret
with nutria brim,
for town
or country.

Dalys

of Scotland



By Appointment
to H.M. The King
Silversmiths & Jewellers

FOR HIM OR FOR HER,
at Asprey's there are always
lovely things from which to
choose, inexpensive, medium
priced or precious.

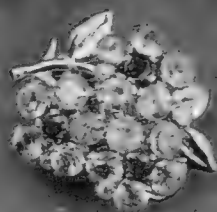
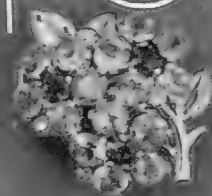
A visit to their Bond Street
premises will show you the
finest quality gifts which
England has to offer and is
an easy and pleasant way
of choosing your Christmas
presents.

IDEAS FOR PRESENTS:

Jewellery (modern and antique),
antique silver, gold, silver and
glassware, fitted suitcases,
handbags, wallets, cigarette
cases, lighters, ashtrays, clocks
and watches, pens and desk
sets, table mats, lamps and
lamp shades, bridge sets,
cocktail shakers.

The illustration shows:
Gold Mounted Clip and Pair of
Earrings, set with Rubies, Topaz
and Diamonds.

Asprey



DALY AND SONS LTD SAUCHIEHALL STREET GLASGOW C2

ASPREY & CO. LTD., 165/168 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
and 62/64 The Promenade, Cheltenham



Xmas Shopping

To make Christmas shopping a pleasure there is
nothing better than a visit to one of W. H. Smith
& Son's bookshops. At each of them there is a good
range of cards, calendars, diaries, fancy articles, etc.,
and a splendid array of books for all tastes and all
ages. SHOP EARLY... while the shelves are full
and there is still "time to stand and stare" at delight-
ful things that reflect the very spirit of Christmas.

W. H. SMITH & SON

1500 BOOKSHOPS AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS

Head Office: W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD., Strand House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2

*Canadian
Squirrel*
irresistibly becoming
and luxuriously
beautiful

One of the many
attractively designed
models from our lovely
collection of Fine Furs
moderately priced
from 214 gns

Furs sent on Approval

Illustrated Catalogue
gladly sent on request



Brenner Furs
THE CITY FUR STORE

110 NEW BOND ST., W.1
(not a shop—showrooms 1st floor)

Oliver Sturges

on FLYING

AN American friend gave me a shock when, on booking an air passage to Paris, he casually told me that he thought of staying there for "about six months." And then I remembered that he was a New Yorker, a "citizen of no mean city" and a free man who, unlike natives of this island, could travel where he wished and stay as long as he wished.

But the question is whether the British air line Corporations can exist on the benefits arising from transporting Americans. After all, the hordes of Government officials who fly about on business are not paying propositions. They merely pay the taxpayer's money to a line which is already run at the taxpayer's expense.

I would much like to see the economic daylight in this matter of the British nationalized, monopolistic air line corporations. They are well run. They provide services which are admired by all who travel on them. The British Overseas Airways Corporation in particular contrives to make every passenger whom it carries into a walking advertising agent. The technical efficiency of the air lines is praised as well as the courtesy and competence of the passenger-handling arrangements.

Economy Threatens

WE have then in the three Corporations, the foundations of as good a system of air lines as can be had anywhere. I hate nationalization; I hate monopolies, but the operating facts compel me to make that statement. But the three Corporations will be in danger when the internal economy drive starts, and I think it would be useful if we tried to decide now what attitude towards them should be adopted.

With no genuine paying passengers going out, and few genuine paying passengers coming in, what is going to be the revenue position of the British air lines? How is their administrative structure going to

fit restricted operation? Will business passengers come forward in adequate numbers to provide an adequate return?

Keep the Programme Going

IF there is a drive to reduce Government expenditure and especially subsidies, the Corporations, or at any rate two of them, will be in danger. The pullulation of V.I.P.s and Government officials has to some extent caused them to lose touch with reality—reality being the air passenger who puts his hand in his own pocket to pay his own fare because he wants to travel for his own purposes.

A big economy drive might wreck the work of building up that has been done by the Corporations. If and when a full statement of their accounts is made a sequel might easily be a demand for drastic cutting. And there might be a case for drastic cutting. But I think that there would also be a case for maintaining the full development programmes of the Corporations.

It is a matter of major policy. Aviation must play a bigger part in the affairs of the British Commonwealth than in the affairs of any other association of nations. That is the outcome of the geography of the British Commonwealth and nothing else. It is not a matter on which there can be opposing views for a look at the map settles the question. If that point were thoroughly appreciated by the public at large, I believe that there would be a good chance of continued subsidization of the Corporations, even during a period of drastic economies. So the first need is to state the position fully, and the second need is to justify subsidization on grounds of major policy.

Flying Boat Fighter

IT was good to see that the Americans are taking up the development of the flying boat fighter, a type pioneered by Saunders-Roe in the new jet-driven

FOR YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD



I'm an Export —

Here at home would-be readers of **THE TATLER** may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but **THE TATLER** is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. What better Christmas Gift? Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

S.R.A.1. Statements have been made in some of the American aviation papers, that the American Navy is so interested in the possibilities of this type that it is proceeding with a full development programme.

That is a right decision. But for us it contains a warning. In the development of the cross-wind landing gear—as I reported in this column at the time—we did the pioneering work and then forgot about the device. The Americans came in later and took it up on a larger scale.

It would be the greatest pity if we were to relax our efforts in developing the flying boat fighter, after the promising beginning made with the Saunders-Roe job.

The tactical advantages of this type of aircraft are numerous. For naval work it should be of importance. I do sincerely hope that the Royal Navy is not going to let the matter slide. The Royal Air Force is not likely to take any special action to press forward this work and, unless the Navy push for it, I cannot see the Ministry of Supply doing much. We should not let slip the advantages of the pioneering work done with this new class of Service aircraft.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



*Aged..... Of Rare
Mellowness.
Subtle Bouquet
Distinctive.*

**BY HOST · BY GUEST
BY ALL PREFERRED!**

Scotch **WHISKY**

WM. GRANT & SONS LTD. DISTILLERS, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND.

Mr. Pepys in The City



The sign of The Black Horse hung in Lombard Street in the days when Mr. Pepys "kept his running cash" there and found material for the diary that has made him immortal.

As the character of Mr. Pepys is written into his diary, so the character of this great Banking House is written into every transaction that has extended its reputation with the passing of time.

We see it as our duty so to conduct the affairs of Lloyds Bank that the verdict of the future will endorse our actions as worthy of our past.

Let
LLOYDS BANK
look after your
interests



Burgh Island Hotel



**OPEN
EASTER
TO
OCTOBER**

Here you will find luxurious surroundings, first-class cuisine and the finest cellar in the West Country

Terms (varying from £2 to £3 per day) from The Manager
BURGH ISLAND, BIGBURY BAY

Telegrams:

SOUTH DEVON

Telephone:

BURGOTEL, Bigbury-on-Sea

Bigbury-on-Sea 272-3



SENATOR
American Blend
COFFEE

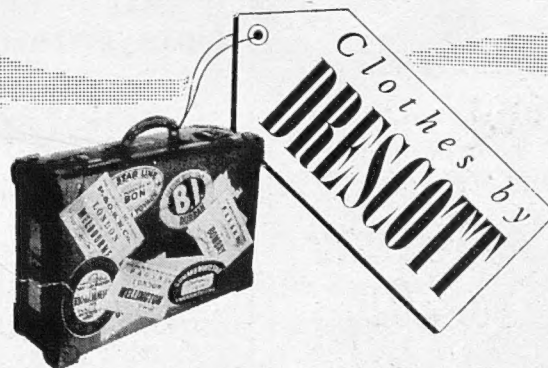
Tetley
1837

FRESH AS THE
HOUR IT WAS
PACKED

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON & NEW YORK



We regret there is still difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes owing to production problems and export demands. But their quality will repay you when, eventually, you are able to secure them.



DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD. DUDLEY WORCESTERSHIRE

"My
headache's
gone . . .



I took
GENASPRIN"

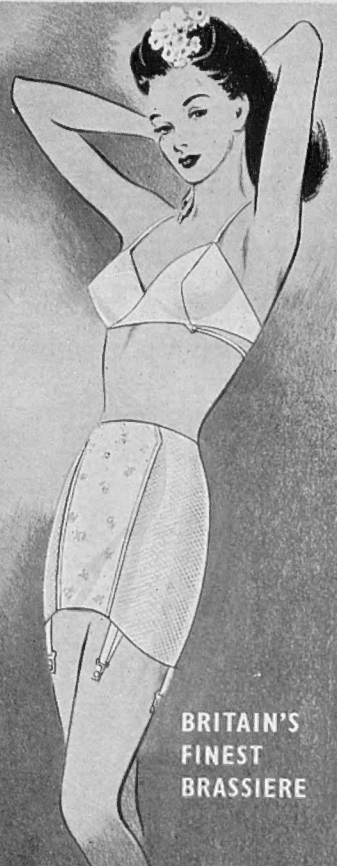
'Genasprin'—the safe brand of aspirin—quickly checks Headaches, Toothache, Nerve and Rheumatic pains, Colds and 'Flu. At any time of strain or pain 'Genasprin' sees you through! 1/5d. and 2/3d. from your chemist.

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough.

15

Haig

No finer Whisky
Goes into
Any Bottle



BRITAIN'S
FINEST
BRASSIERE

KESTOS

Wholesale only

MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT ST., W.1



"I never get
tired of her
smile."

"Familiarity breeds content, eh?"

"Yes, I'm content, and so
should she be with her
looks and personality."

With a capital 'P,' of course!"

Personality
★
★ TURTLE OIL SOAP

More than a Soap—a Beauty Treatment

2/1 PER TABLET (2 RATIONS)

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

Du Barry



MATERNITY MODELS
NOW AT LEADING
STORES

The world-famed and cleverly designed Du Barry maternity models may now be obtained from leading stores throughout the country. This change in policy is due to the ever-growing demand for Du Barry maternity wear.

Du Barry

(MATERNITY WEAR) LTD

68 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1

8A563

Dear Sir . . .

Dear Madam . . .
or Dear Friend?

YOU can be a friend
to our large family
of 5,500 children

OUR GENERAL FUND IS IN DEBT
TO THE EXTENT OF OVER
£40,000 — WILL YOU HELP?



GIFTS gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.

Church of England **CHILDREN'S SOCIETY** (formerly Waifs and Strays)
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

MAKE MINE MYERS

THE RUM

that's matured
and bottled in
JAMAICA

70° PROOF

Max. Price 29/9 bottle



"BEAUTIFUL
MORNING"

Here's a beautiful drink to
toast a beautiful song in that
beautiful play "OKLAHOMA."

1 part "Myers,"
½ part Lime Cordial,
Put in tumbler with Ice
Fill with Ginger Ale.
Stir and serve.

... about that Overcoat



Selfridges

Man's Shop: First Floor.

... a selection of styles
suitable for all occasions
in the finest materials.

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

MAYfair 1234

FROM A WRITING BOOK OF 1841



*In ancient times
when drawing first began,
a lump of chalk might
rudely sketch a swan;
but now, that art
to more perfection brought:
a swan a pen can strike
as quick as thought*

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/-, purchase tax extra
Showroom & Service Depot: 110 New Bond Street, London W.1
MARIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1

Red Hackle

Scotland's
Best Whisky



BY APPOINTMENT
SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE WHISKY
TO H.M. THE KING

PROPRIETORS

Heppell & Ross

GLASGOW



*Don't just say
Brandy
say*

RGB

TRADE MARK

REGISTERED

★ ★ ★
Cognac

Max. Retail Prices per bottle R.G.B. Cognac ★★ 37/-
SIBON Liqueur Brandy 47/-

PRODUCE OF FRANCE

R.G.B.2K

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the best
cigarettes in the world



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES



Export Packing



...for hire

Even the shirt and tie
can be hired without
parting with any of
your precious coupons.

MOSS BROS

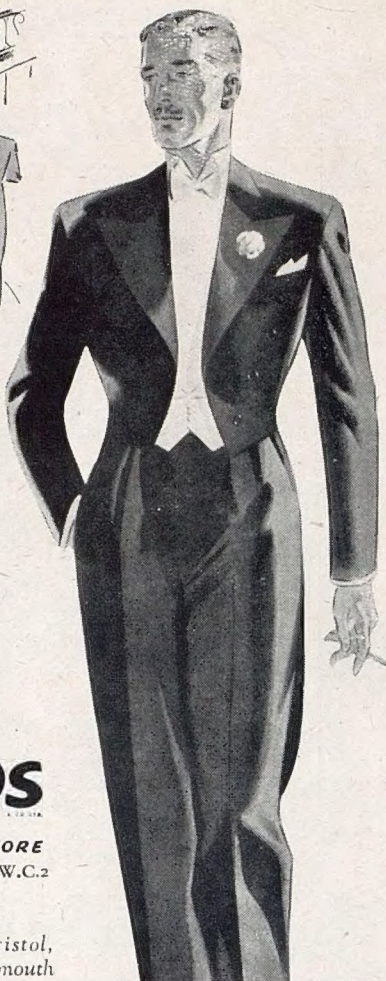
OF COVENT GARDEN

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2

Temple Bar 4477

Aldershot, Bournemouth, Bristol,
Camberley, Manchester, Portsmouth



Be sure to ask for
"WARDONIA"
the **Finest** of
all Razor Blades

"...for us and our friends"

To choose La Tropical de Luxe for your Christmas smoking is to promise yourself a great pleasure; to make them your choice for Christmas giving is to delight your cigar-loving friends. For here is a gift with a name to inspire more than ordinary appreciation. La Tropical de Luxe Cigars, excelling in mildness and delicate flavour esteemed for more than seventy years . . . are to-day more sought than ever by good cigar judges.



LA TROPICAL

DE LUXE
Finest Jamaican Cigars

Manufactured by B. & J. B. Machado Tobacco Co. Ltd., Kingston, Jamaica, and guaranteed by the Government of Jamaica. Sole importers in the United Kingdom: LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DRURY LANE, LONDON
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD.

LT4L

There's no harm
in asking!



There's great
Satisfaction
in getting

Dewar's
"White Label"
SCOTCH WHISKY

